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# MAHALINDA;

OR,

## THE TWO COUSINS.

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"Sat patriæ Priamoque datum."

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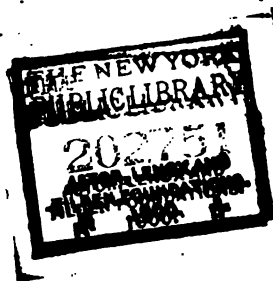
N. J. W. LE CATO.

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1858.





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TO MY  
DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,

AND TO MY  
MUCH RESPECTED COUSIN,

JAMES B. FLOYD, M.D.,

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME AS A SMALL TOKEN OF AFFECTION.

NAT.



## P R E F A C E .

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It has been truly said that "Necessity is the parent of Invention." Had I been Fortune's child, this book would never have been cast upon the sympathies of a heartless world. Destitute of that "power" which often makes common men illustrious, I have attained the age of twenty-two without having seen the walls of a higher institution of learning than old Bradford's Neck school-house.

Nevertheless, I struggled on through preponderous difficulties, until I acquired a competency sufficient to enable me to take charge of a common school, when my mind began to be doubly taxed with new and perplexing studies.

After the laborious toils of the day were passed, with an aching head and trembling nerves have I pored over Latin and French literature, while my candle flickered in its socket, and the old time-piece told that the hour of midnight was at hand.

From such a scene of excitement is this little volume launched forth upon the tide of public opinion, to buffet the waves of criticism, frail and imperfect as it must be, in consequence of the disturbed source from which it has emanated. All I ask, good reader, is, do not judge too harshly—be kind, be generous, and remember

NAT.



MAHALINDA.



# MAHALINDA; OR THE TWO COUSINS.

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## CHAPTER I.

"THE fair, frail visions of Romance have a use beyond the maxims of the real."—TUPPER.

THERE is in Virginia a small stream called by the romantic name Onancock.

The appellation is, without a shadow of doubt, original, being the same as that of a small tribe of Indians who in early days inhabited the neighboring forests.

Here on the banks of this picturesque streamlet, were lit up of yore the torches of the untamed "Red Men," and in these self-same woods and dells, though much altered by the touch of civilization, "they pierced the bounding deer."

This rivulet, though overlooked by the geographer, can never be passed unnoticed by the traveller or the lover of natural scenery.



All that is calculated to arrest and divert the eye, to please the cultivated sense of man, and to confirm and substantiate the soul in its belief of the exalted character of the Architect of the universe, is here presented in the most glowing colors. Rising near the county town of A——, and running in a meandering course, it passes on its right bank an interesting and growing village of the same name.

Thus far the creek is navigable for schooners of ordinary draught ; and this circumstance, with the enterprising spirit of its inhabitants, will in a few years make the town one of the most handsome and busy of its age in the country. Thence it changes a little to the westward, ripples by the honored mansion of "Only," then stretches to the deeper waters of the bay, into which is mingled its purling tide. The mouth is shallow and difficult to find, being bound with dangerous bars of sand, over which the bay skipper carefully guides his tiny boat among the white-capped breakers, conscious of the peril that surrounds him.

In this day, the gently sloping banks, ornamented with pine and cedar shrubbery, are dotted here and there with neat red and white two-story dwellings, a beautiful garden in front, and the tall waving corn or meadowy oat-field in the rear.

Upon the placid stream is launched the flying skiff, for pleasure or fishing, and many are the "Picnics" (or fish parties, as they are styled in Virginia) which take place along the sandy shore.

But in the days of our tale, only a few houses could be seen, and where the golden grain is now cultivated and the white man's home is reared, the curling

smoke of the wigwam arose, and the dark and heavy forest stood.

The neighboring lands were owned by a few who came from Europe in quest of wealth, to the rich soil of Columbia, and erecting some temporary houses for their slaves and overseers, they sought the more refined and thickly settled parts of the States, or returned to the old world.

Near the bay were situated some small huts, the homes of fishermen, who spent their time in procuring oysters and wild fowl in the winter, while in the summer season their only avocation was to fish in the neighboring waters; and the fruits of their labor they sold to those who, living at a distance, always esteemed the productions of the sea as luxuries of the finest quality. The timber, which grew lavishly in this vicinity, was considered the best for building purposes, and was therefore in some demand; but vastly more so now, since that article is becoming scarcer and scarcer every day, and the uses to which it is applied multiplying very rapidly.

This, with the products of cultivation, formed the principal part of exportation, and composed the largest amount of trade.

These being the most particular points for which description is essential, and deeming what has been written sufficient for the interest of the reader, we pass the more remote features with a determination from the first not to weary your mind with long and useless delineations of the kind to which we refer, leaving that for the pen of the historian and geographer which does not justly belong to the narrator of scenes and

events incident to human life. We design studying carefully the several characters that will be presented—treating the nature of man in all its forms and passions—aiming only at one great moral which should be taught around every fireside, and inculcated by every admirer of virtue.

If the reader will only pay partial attention to the thread of the story, he will not fail to perceive the end that the writer has in view, and without which he will have accomplished nothing for the welfare of his fellow, and less to satisfy his own conscience.

## CHAPTER II.

"THOU hast seen the sun red and slow retire behind his cloud: night gathering round on the mountain, while the unfrequent blast roared in the narrow vales.

"At length the rain beats hard.

"Thunder rolls in peals. Lightning glances on the rocks."

OSSIAN.

THE curtain rises to display a scene which transpired nearly the space of one century ago. September was hastening to a close, and bearing from the bosom of the earth the last few frail flowers that, lingering still, seemed unwilling to droop and die under the cool and almost frosty atmosphere of night and the blasting effects of the western wind, which at that season never fails to bear a poison on its wings, for man as well as flower and herb.

The sun was setting slowly in a black and heavy mass of clouds, an unfrequently failing omen of a stormy morrow.

The wind, which was quiet in the morning, commenced a brisk gale, soon after meridian, from the north-east, and thin vapory clouds came flying up from the ocean, concentrating in huge masses around and above the western horizon.

To an eye accustomed to scan the heavens and ob-

serve the changes of the weather, it was evident that ere the light of another day should dawn upon the world, a "September gale," in all its fury, would be raging.

The sailor turned his experienced organ of vision towards the gloomy west and shook his weather-beaten locks, looking doubtfully at the "fair orb of day" as he sank down in darkness, leaving the prospect uninviting and dreary, and the heart of the seaman in sadness.

The loon and broad-winged ocean gull screamed their foreboding notes, while the breakers moaned along the beach in solemn cadence, speaking as if in intelligible accents to the heart of the lonely mariner, as he sailed his schooner close to the sandy shore, anxiously looking for the smallest chance of making a speedy and secure haven.

Twilight spread its sombre mantle around, deepening the already oppressive awfulness, while the signs of the coming tempest grew more and more vivid, till as night, dark night, "hung down" over all the sea and land, they ripened into reality, stern and uncompromising.

Drop, drop; quicker, quicker fell the rain. Loud howled the rushing wind, and ever and anon a flash of gleaming electricity shot athwart the disturbed elements, lighting up the whole scenery, and then disappearing suddenly, increased the blackness of the trying hour.

The pine trees bowed their aged heads and sang a wild distressful song, while the sapling yielded to the flying air, and the wide-spread oak threw its arms

about in utter confusion. Root after root relinquished its long-established hold, till reeling, rocking, then a crash, and straight upon the ground the king of all the forest trees was laid.

Night wore on, but still the storm yet fiercer and more dreadful grew. At last the habitations of men were levelled with the earth, and the unfortunate inmates either killed or obliged to endure unprotected the wrath of the "storm-god;" for so great was the darkness that it was impossible to find a place of security, especially in the sparsely settled country.

In this hour of warring elements, when the heavy clouds bowed low and frowned in madness upon the world, an ill-fated **bark** was battling with the rushing wind and dashing waves, her sails all tattered and her crew dismayed, while the upheaving bosom of the Chesapeake yawned as if hungry to swallow the last remains of the care-worn sailors, who had given up all hope of life and were either sitting down worn out with fatigue and weeping, or supplicating a Throne of Grace, which, although so long neglected and uncared for, was now in the last extremity sought as the only alternative. And how often, my dear reader, is it the case with ourselves! If danger never presents itself, if all is fair and hopeful, ungrateful man forgets his Maker and Preserver, nor thinks of his God unless to use his holy name with profanity, until the ghost of death is felt and seen near at hand. Seldom then avails the desponding cry for mercy. The time of God's forbearance has departed, and before the soul can be made perfect in the atoning blood of the Saviour, it is called to appear before the judgment-

seat of that Being who, though long-suffering and kind, forgets not to punish the offender.

Suddenly, as a wail from the regions of despair, the heart-rending cry comes up from the fore-castle, cabin, and hold : "The ship is sinking ! the ship is sinking ! the ship is going down !"

Oh ! what an hour of misery ! The ship, their only hope, their only dependence, is fast filling with water, and soon must sink, down, down, below the angry waves. Higher and higher rises the water in the hold ; slower and more heavily the hulk moves sluggishly over the infuriated billows, which already at intervals cross to and fro the wreck-incumbered deck. Wilder and wilder grows the cry of anguish, and more intensely interesting augments the fearful moments.

Now the captain, who amidst all the confusion had seemed to care not the least for his personal safety, and holding a small boy in his arms, cried out in a voice so firm and manly to the terror-stricken men, that they for the time forgot (if it were possible) the imminent danger that threatened them with eternal destruction, and stood every man in silence waiting for the commands of his superior : "Launch the long-boat, my boys—quick, quick !" And though this appears to be a futile endeavor, on account of the height of the sea, yet it is so cheerfully and readily obeyed, that in a short while the frail boat is seen jumping and careering by the side of the sinking ship.

"Jump in !" shouted the captain, as he throws safely between the seats his precious charge.

But alas ! in another instant a huge wave comes dashing and foaming, carrying with it the yet surviv-

ing boat and child ; and now another, higher and stronger than any that had passed, like a roaring lion eager to pounce upon its prey, sweeps the deck from stem to stern, and bears the trembling vessel, which yet tries to raise her feeble prow above the whirling tide, deeper down, till her demolished form and wretched crew disappear from the surface and sink below, where a calmness reigns undisturbed by the jar of elements.

Before the ship had quite sunk, the captain, seeing his helpless child drifting alone in the weak, insignificant long-boat, and knowing that death was sure if he remained, sprang with all his might, hoping that, if only by chance, he might regain his darling boy ; but scarcely had he left the rail, when the waters closed in upon the ship for the last time, and with the eddying suction he disappeared to rise no more, till the great archangel shall call him forth. An hour afterward, the wind changed suddenly to the west, and thus hurried the yet surviving boat towards the eastern shore.

The boy, cold and frightened, laid himself down in the bottom of his little craft, which served for a cradle, and soon cried himself to sleep. At length, however, he was aroused to watchfulness by the roar of the surf beating the sandy margin of the giant bay. The awful events that had followed each other in quick succession, came drifting over his mind like a heavy mist, darkening and damping his whole soul, though he felt not the half of his sad condition, because his imagination was too incipient to fully appreciate his helplessness.



His fate was indeed enviable to that of his friends, but to him every object or thought was big with wretchedness and despair. Not knowing how to act in a case of such extremity, he was about to cry aloud for assistance, when a voice arrested his attention and brought to his little heart reviving hope.

Eagerly turning towards the direction from whence the sound proceeded, he beheld with pleasure that knew no bounds, the stout form of a man approaching hastily.

## CHAPTER III.

"I TURNED aside to weep: I lost him a little while: I looked, and years had passed: he was hoar with the winter of his age."

AMOS JONES was a man of fifty or sixty years, robust and well proportioned, partaking more of roughness than refinement; yet he was evidently a being upon whom not only manual but mental exercise of the highest order had wrought, besides an expression of sadness and care, a tell-tale representation of wisdom and learning, two *very* great essential ingredients in the composition of a man.

His cheek was wrinkled and his forehead shaded with silver locks, furrowed but high and commanding, speaking forth the profundity of an indwelling mind. His features were rather "on the coarse order," but his manners (not mentioning a slight degree of bluntness) were pleasing, and his conversation, though at times tainted with the "sailor brogue," was marked with a degree of elegance seldom met with in persons of his wealth and avocation. He lived in a small cottage near the mouth of Onancock, where for five years he had resided alone, with the exception of an old negress, who attended to the kitchen and dairy affairs, while his chief occupation was to tend a flock

of sheep that, with his unwavering attention, had increased to quite an extensive herd, and to make provision for the support of his small family, which he cheerfully did without being compelled to labor excessively. In his humble situation he lived like one who submits without a murmur to the decrees of Providence, no matter to what disadvantages it occasionally consigned him.

That he had been a sailor at some period of his life was an undeniable fact, even admitted by himself and corroborated by his appearance on the eastern shore some few years previous in a seaman's garb and in company with others of like costume, who belonged to a large vessel that was lying off the outlet of the creek above mentioned.

They happened on shore upon some business, and Jones, liking the appearance of the country, could not be prevailed upon to return ; and although it is very probable that they could have forced him back, yet from some cause unknown (or of too trivial a character to have mentioned if known) they left him.

Purchasing a house and lot, he settled on the spot, and soon after engaged the services of an old colored woman, whom we shall call "Aunt Amie," though her real name was Amelia Beckett. This old negro became so attached to her kind patron, that she resolved to "end her days with massa Jones, provided he lived so long himself."

There remains one more question to answer ere we drop the curtain over the description of this very singular personage.

It was a mysterious truth that Amos Jones possessed

a fine intellect, well cultivated and highly polished. And that he did not acquire this upon the ocean in the capacity of a common sailor, was a plain fact, too clear to be gainsaid. Therefore, the inference may with propriety be drawn, that at some unknown time in his existence, he had been favored with no ordinary privileges of attaining an education which showed itself distinctly in his manners, conversation, and principles, although a vast neglect on his part had effaced the brightest jewels that once adorned a mind inferior to few, but superior to thousands. Where and when this was effected was a matter of secrecy to all save himself.

No clue to his early biography could be found, and only a slight information of his birthplace could be obtained; yet it was supposed on very safe grounds that he was an Englishman, and Aunt Amie, moreover, had heard him more than once speak of the "Merry Isle," and sometimes of a woman whom he called Matilda. At another time he talked about a good mother. But whenever he breathed the name of the former, the old woman could observe a tear stealing softly and silently down his care-worn face, and his words would be stifled with immensity of feeling.

The appellation "Matilda," she surmised belonged to one even dearer to his memory than a mother, than whom there is but one being on the green earth more fondly cherished, and she is—wife.

He was not only a moralist in a metaphysical application of the term, but a true Christian also, bearing in his bosom the blessed assurance that God was reconciled with him through Jesus Christ the Lord,

though such had not been the case before he came to Onancock.

After giving up the life of a son of Neptune and all its demoralizing influences, he looked for something higher, nobler, and more enduring—even a habitation beyond the transitory pursuits of mortality; and hearing a powerful sermon that was delivered by a worthy minister of the Wesleyan and Whitefield persuasion, he at once resolved to seek the “pearl of great price,” which not only was given to him, but may, and shall, be given to all who earnestly desire it.

Very few men who having spent a youth and manhood in the “work-house of Satan,” ever throw off in their old age the chains of hellish bondage.

But Jones had had good seed sown in his heart when it was tender and susceptible, which at last sprang up and produced fruit “an hundredfold.”

Perhaps a mother’s prayers had followed him all along his meandering pathway over the land and across the ocean, through good and ill, seeming long unanswered, but finally efficient, “like bread cast upon the waters,” doing good after many days.

After a night of horrors, the storm impetuous was howling fiercely around the little domicile of Amos Jones, who was sitting in his comfortable corner, smoking with sailor-like satisfaction, and thinking perhaps of the many times he had reefed the top-gallant sail while the wind moaned hoarsely through the stiff cordage, shaking violently the rustling canvas, and the forked lightning glared, and the deep-toned thunder muttered in sublime accents, almost jarring the bowels of the great deep. And no doubt he enjoyed

heartily the calm and quiet of his humble, happy home as he listened to the tumult without, firmly convinced that

"If there's peace to be found in the world,  
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

The door opened, and in stepped Aunt Amie, saying as she did so:

"O massa Jones! I is afeard dat de trees will blow down right on the housens! My gracious! I neber hered de wind blow so hard afore in all my born days."

"Yes, old woman," said Jones, "it is indeed a most stormy day, and although I am not much afraid of any accident from the trées, I am, nevertheless, considerably anxious about my sheep, which may all be drowned. The tide must be very high by this time."

"And de wind bees berry high, too," said the uneasy cook, who was peeping out through a small aperture of the door.

She had scarcely finished speaking, when a loud crashing noise was heard from without, and a shriek from Amie, who clapped her hands, crying:

"Oh! my lor! my lor! massa tree, I mean massa Jones, de kitchen has fell down on de tree; oh me! oh me!"

Jones, who was a pretty moderate specimen of a man, laid by his pipe, and going to the door, mildly remarked:

"You should have said, Amie, that the tree had fallen upon the house."

"Yes, yes; dat is it dizactly. And I tells you,

massa Jones, dat I is afeared to stay in here, t had better be a getting away from dis plac tells you so."

Jones told her to be quiet, and then, taking a he went out, and climbing a large tree which near the house that in case it blew down t would suffer very greatly, he cut the entire while the old woman looked on with no d pleasure, praying all the time for the safety of l master.

While in the tree, Jones could look abroad waving forest to the foaming Chesapeake, w lows were rolling tremendously high. The even surface was white with the froth of " anger, and the obedience of "Æolus," before t manding voice of "Neptune" had spoken p called the gentle gales of the south to sm ruffled sea; and forcibly did it remind him calamitous tempest which wrecked the "Æneas," the brave defender of mighty "Tro he gazed, he fancied he saw a boat unguided a ing the shore.

Ever and anon the small speck would rise billow and be seen very distinctly, then disap be concealed from sight so long that he was believe that he had seen nothing; but again the wave would roll it up, till certainty overcam and perplexity gave place to reality.

Its appearance presented emptiness, but the was too long to form a very correct idea of its c

Weary with his unpleasant situation, he des yet the possibility that the floating speck w

had seen might contain a sufferer, he could find no peace of mind until he had put on his long pilot cloth jacket and water-proof boots, and started for the bay-shore, hardly able to proceed against the fury of the blast.



## CHAPTER IV.

"TALENTS, angel bright,  
If wanting worth, are shining instruments  
In false, ambitious hands, to finish faults  
Illustrious, and give infamy renown."—YOUNG.

ABOUT twenty and five years before Jones came to Onancock, a very wealthy family, under the title of Scarborough, emigrated from England, and buying a large tract of land and many slaves, settled on the banks of another small creek in the same province, and distant ten miles from the former.

Here he built a splendid house on the plan of English architecture, and lived in very high style, entertaining at his mansion a few of the rich only, and associating with no one who could not boast of aristocracy.

From this date began the most damnable government in the history of Virginia, namely, that in which a few persons, called "great folks," held empire over those who were too poor even to advocate, or at least to defend, their own cause. Well would it have been for the "Old Dominion" if on the onset it had met with a final extermination, instead of existing with all its baneful consequences, till the dawning of better days, in the year 1851, when the old hereditary con-

stitution was uprooted, and a new and better one substituted, which confers upon the honest, meritorious youth the same honors that the old exclusively bestowed upon a **certain** class of favored individuals, who, from the long and excessive benefits of power, grew in their own, as well as the estimation of many illiterate men, above the ordinary rank of their fellow-citizens.

Few, if any, of his neighbors knew any thing about the real character or circumstances of Manchester Scarborough, except that he was rich ; nor did they with any certainty know that. They could only judge from outward appearance, which too often deceives the most acute observer ; for frequently beneath a great name is concealed a foul heart, as under a surface of gold is hidden the cankering brass. The exterior may be polished like the marble which hides the mouldering dead, while the interior is full of rottenness and putrefaction.

Manners in a person of low estate is not difficult to be perceived ; but the man of wealth has so many conveniences to attract attention, and divert the eye of justice, that not unfrequently his crimes go unpunished—the poor, friendless wretch suffering to the last point of the law.

Whether Manchester Scarborough was a bad man or not, was a question that time only might answer, there being no person in the community well enough acquainted with him to justly form an opinion. But that he was not held in very exalted estimation by his neighbors, was a well-established fact, though his unsociableness may have been the most serious objection.

His family consisted, in the first place, of himself, a man of about forty-five years of age. He was tall—above the medium height of tall men. This contrasted very unbecomingly with a slight, bony form, possessing hardly enough muscle to brace it in proper attitude. Upon a long, slim neck was placed a narrow head, ill-shapen and poorly developed. In his speech there was a want of volubility, which, upon every occasion, he tried in vain to remedy. His manners were stiff, uninviting, and reserved, yet at times one might see that they were to a degree assumed. In a word, he was a man that few could understand satisfactorily, and not any one entirely. That there are such beings in the world, can not be denied ; they are strangers to all around them, and strangers also to themselves.

Of such men, (if digression is just here practicable and unobjectionable,) of such men we gently warn you, unprejudiced reader, be aware, for those are the most dangerous in creation. If there is any being in the shape of a man whom you ought to fear, let it be him who hides deep in his bosom his own personal qualities. He may be a saint, but the probability is, that he is a devil. Good things shine out with a cheering lustre, while the evil love to withdraw from sight, and work destruction in the dark.

In the second place, of his wife, a woman of nearly the same age, of ordinary size, ordinary cast of features, ordinary mind, ordinary disposition, and as nearly as any other person, ordinary every thing.

In the third place, of a boy, eight or nine years old, small-featured, gray-eyed, what some call “sandy-haired,” and ill-natured. He never seemed in his

proper sphere unless when tormenting some one, or vexing his mother.

Some bad children make good grown people; but in our opinion, the inward principles of a child are seldom changed, especially when the father sets a bad example, and the mother, through fear of her husband, or want of energetic training, fails to discharge a matron's duty. The vicious seed sown in the young heart, sprout early, and grow to maturity with the advancement of the child; and unless they are plucked out before the roots have struck too deeply in the genial soil, nothing but the spirit of the living God can subvert the evil. At first thought, it appears a source of regret that such children are permitted to live and grow to manhood, without accomplishing any thing worthy of compensation or virtuous applause, only making the world worse off by their having lived in it; when at the same time, many of gentler dispositions and better qualities, are taken away in the first day of childhood, before their would-have-been happy influences can be felt and seen upon society.

But beware, thou murmurer, against the decrees of an all-wise Providence. God in his infinite mercy and wisdom knoweth what is best, and worketh according to his omnipotent will. Close thy blaspheming lips, O man! and submit without a word of complaint to the strong arm of Jehovah, remembering that all we have, ay, even the "cattle on a thousand hills, are his," and only his!

In the fourth place, of a girl, twin sister to the above-described boy. Of this personage, the delineation will be more pleasing to both reader and writer.

Though born at the same time, of the same parents, and under the same planet, she was exactly the reverse of her brother Lucus. Her eyes were black and finely set in their sockets. Her complexion pale, resembling not a little the unasperated superface of the sculptor's stone, when shaded by curly jet ringlets which so becomingly contributed to heighten her virgin beauty. Nor was her young disposition less pleasant—sweet, mild, and affectionate; a fertile spot in the midst of a desert world, refreshing every thing that moved in her cheerful compass.

Her heart, although child-like and simple, was imbued with love for its Maker, and the lips which ever wore a smile, had learned to whisper, "Our Father who art in heaven;" and she, unlike her brother, gladly profited by any instruction, no matter by whom given, whether white or black, unlettered or learned; so she thought the advice was worthy her consideration and the example commendable, it signified not from whence it came. Thus she gained the esteem of all.

The cross-grained father was soothed by the caresses of his angel-child; the mother wiped the tear of sorrow from her fading cheek with the glossy hair of Mary; and the wild, fierce brother would hang his head in silence before her, and still the rippling brook of passion.

Ah! what would this earth be in a little while, if now and then a child like Mary Scarborough was not permitted to come and dwell among the ruder forms of humanity, subduing the irritating cares of life, and levelling the pathway of the pilgrim as he travels disconsolate through this vale of tears.

In the fifth place, and lastly, of a Dutchman, "more bether than goote," whose personal appearance consisted of nothing worthy of notice, save a dare devil expression, which the most casual observer never fails to perceive in the countenance of him upon whom the "King of Darkness" has set his hellish seal. There was a something in Vansant, the Dutchman, that bespoke a fearlessness of God and man—a hideous, dark, and unmistakable soul within, which would turn not away in disgust from the blood of a brother, or be moved by the pleadings of pity.

Wonderful beyond comprehension is it that such a man could have been the friend of any one, particularly a person of professed nobility and worth; but such was nevertheless the case. He was the bosom friend and confident of Manchester, who supported him better than he did himself, and treated him in every respect superior to his wife. The slaves of the plantation, who were ever prying into the character of white people, did not fail to make themselves agreeable to the "'cross the bay man," as they styled him. A few of the more subtle endeavored to ingratiate themselves into his esteem; others, wary and timid, kept aloof, affirming that he was of a truth in league with the devil, his father.

## CHAPTER V.

"No—dread, unlooked for, like a visitant  
From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt  
Thy weary soul with dreams of lost delight,  
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight—  
Sad dreams! as when the spirit of our youth  
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth  
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,  
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track  
Of our young life, and points out every ray  
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way."—MOORE.

WHEN Jones reached the bay-shore, the boat had already struck the sand, and was beating heavily in the roaring breakers.

Walking down to the edge of the water, and not perceiving in it any thing like a person, he called loudly, thinking that perhaps it might contain a sufferer. Instantly the head of a boy is seen to lift up, then staggering to his feet, holds out his hands imploringly to our surprised fisherman, who rushes into the water, grapples the unwieldy boat, and as a surge rolls up towards the shore, he succeeds in drawing it to the land. His next thought is to take the boy, saying :

"Poor little fellow! he is almost frozen." By this time his monkey-jacket is off, and wrapping it around

his little foundling, he starts for home, too much concerned with his precious charge to examine his prize. The boy lies still in the arms of his benefactor until they had nearly got to the cottage, when, weeping, he said :

“ My father, my poor father ! I shall never see him again.”

Jones would have questioned him relative to the fate of his father, but he thought that a better opportunity would offer itself when his feelings were restored to calmness, and his little heart warmed by the cheerful pine-wood fire. Therefore he made no reply ; held close to his bosom the trembling burden, and walked with a quicker step. Amie, who was on the “ look out ” for her master, seeing him coming, exclaimed at the top of her voice :

“ My lor, massa Jones, whare he come from—whare you git dat child from ? ”

Jones told her to be quick and procure some dry clothes, and then he would tell her all about it. Ever obedient to her master’s commands, she shambled about the room, and in a few minutes was dressing him in the best manner possible, exercising her tongue at a great rate all the while.

“ Poor little feller, you is got lost ; an’t you ? I know you is got lost. Dar, dar now, don’t cry, for Amie will be a mammy to you if she is black—yes, she will, honey.”

She was in the act of pulling off his shirt when a small picture suspended by a silk cord caught her eye. In her haste to relieve the little fellow, she had overlooked it till now.



"What does you call dis, my baby?"

"My grandmother's likeness!" replied the boy.

Jones, who was standing by, asked: "Let me see it, my good boy."

Thereupon he took it from his white neck, and presented it to his kind friend.

Jones gave it one look, then a mere glance, as if to satisfy himself—'twas enough. Dropping the picture, he staggered backward to a seat and sank down completely overpowered. The boy looked somewhat displeased at seeing the image of his grandmother abused, and the old woman, who was looking on, said, "My lor," which, by the by, was a common expression of hers when surprised:

"My lor, massa Jones, hab de ting bit you?"

To this interrogation there was no reply. Jones covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud: "Matilda!" Then rising, he abruptly left the room.

As night approached, the storm abated, and the fisherman had the pleasure of seeing his entire flock of sheep come up to their usual resting-place. With a heart overflowing with love to God, he offered a prayer of thanksgiving, and took courage.

That evening he appeared more sedate than ever Aunt Amie had seen him; nor could he persuade her that he did not have a "feber."

However, he summoned cheerfulness enough to put several questions to the boy concerning the fate of the ship and crew; to which he was answered as has been before stated. After supper, the old lady having moved to the "Great House," as she called the one in which Jones lived, and they were all seated around

the large hearth, the following dialogue took place between the boy and Jones :

"What shall I call you, my good boy," in a very kind tone said the latter.

"Any thing that you please, sir," replied the boy.

"I meant to ask your name."

"Oh ! my name is Alonzo."

"What was your father's name ?" asked Jones.

"Walter Scarborough," was the reply.

"Scarborough !" repeated Jones, "Scarborough ? and that picture—what ! am I dreaming ? Can this—ah ! no, 'tis useless to make myself so unhappy ; it can not be so ! I know it can not. What was the name of your mother, Alonzo ?"

"Elizabeth."

"How old are you ?"

"Eight years, I believe, sir."

"You are a smart boy for that age. Where does your mother live ?"

"In the city of New-York. Why, sir, will you take me to her ?" asked Alonzo inquiringly, while a tear stood trembling in his beautiful gray eye.

"Yes," said the good man, "I will write to your mother first, and then if she does not send for you, I will take you to her."

"But can't you carry me to-night ? Oh ! do carry me home !"

"There, there, do not cry so ; you must stay with me to-night. I will keep you safe till you can go to see your mother. You must go to bed now, and sleep some."

To this proposition the tired boy yielded with some reluctance, and was soon wrapped in sweet repose.

Aunt Amie, acting not contrary to the disposition of her people, was nodding in the corner, and Jos alone was watching ; though he did not use vigilance enough to perceive the shadow of a man creeping around the house, or hear his stealthy footfall as he left. But an eavesdropper had been there, and through a small hole of the unfinished wall, observed all that was going on.

A day before the storm, Manchester Scarborough, while riding out, came suddenly upon a man who was driving a large flock of sheep, near the Onancock ; and without either having noticed each other the distance between them was so short that Manchester, when he did look up, obtained a full and perfect view of the shepherd. One glance was all that he desired. Reining suddenly around, he moved away, leaving our friend Amos Jones in some consternation, in seeing him depart so unceremoniously without having been aware of his approach.

Arriving at home, Manchester shut himself up in his office the remainder of the day, without tasting morsel of food, and evidently filled with the utmost uneasiness.

The next morning he called in Vansant, and many hours they seemed to be deeply considering a subject that contained preponderous interest for both, and whether from their consultation or not, as soon as night came on, Vansant was seen moving like a thief in the direction of Onancock.

Yes, there sat Jones with his face in his hands, and one would have thought that he too was in the dread land, had it not been for the occasional murmurings

of—"Matilda! Matilda! O my long-lost wife Matilda! Though years have fled since I last gazed upon thy sweet face, though ere this thou art singing to thy golden harp the praises of Jehovah around the everlasting throne of heaven, yet I remember thee. And that likeness is so true to memory that it must be thy dear self." Then, after diving into thought again, he would say :

"But it must be fancy after all, for who is this boy Alonzo, that my wife should be his grandmother? Surely it can not be that he is my grandson ; and well I know that Matilda, if she lived long enough after our separation, never would have married again. Alas! I am trying to recall the past only, that never may return. I am adding unpleasant fancy to fiction ; working up my fevered imagination to a pitch from which it must fall at last, and a wreck of mind and an early grave will be the consequences. My life is too far spent, my hopes have too long been withered, my star of earthly joy can rise no more forever, and the tomb is but a little way ahead ; in heaven alone can I realize the bliss, the rapturous bliss, that I lost in days gone by, and for which I have sighed till age, 'dark and unlovely,' has silvered over my head. I will to bed and rest."

Thus saying, he sought the "soother of man's many cares ;" but not before he had paid his evening sacrifice in humble contrition of heart and lively exercise of faith.\* Slumber on, old man, in security, for that God who is on thy side is greater than all that are against thee. Sleep on ; thy day of rejoicing is in reversion for thee. If thy sun is on the eve of setting,

he may arise again in renewed splendor, and thy last days be a reality of which the first were but a type.

The next morning dawned upon the world in uncommon splendor. The ruddy sun rose gayly up the eastern sky from his ocean bed and streamed his rays athwart the dewy land.

There was nothing left in the serene aspect of the blue expanse of heaven, or the bland western wind, to tell of yesterday's storm; but ruin reigned upon the face of the desolate-looking earth. Giant trees lay uprooted on every hand, and here and there was a house razed to the ground. Surely the elements had been at war, and devastation brooded over the battlefield.

Amos Jones had his full share of misfortune. His kitchen was a total loss, and most of Aunt Amie's cooking utensils were also destroyed; but like Job, the good man said: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Questioning Alonzo further about the particular incidents of his life and family, our worthy fisherman took his leave in quest of a carpenter to build anew, or repair, the old woman's house.

In that neighborhood, and at that time, there was but one who worked at the trade of house-building, and he was "never out of a job." The probability that he would now more than ever be applied to, hurried Jones' step, who thinking that if no one was suffering worse than himself, it would be just and not uncharitable, (if in time,) for himself to be served first. Full of these ideas, he walked up to the carpenter's door.

In the mean time a small "out-building" of Manchester Scarborough's had also been injured by the same severe wind. Vansant posted off very early to the same workman. However, Jones was in advance, and had already employed the carpenter. This was no pleasant state of affairs for the Dutchman, who, on account of his size, had been permitted to carry his points without regard to right or wrong, and had been spoiled to such a degree that he made every person with whom he dealt submit to his own way and will.

But this time he had to encounter one who, though advanced in years as well as himself, so far as honorableness was concerned, acted with the utmost pliancy, but when he saw that his rights were at stake, was jealous to maintain his position. After trying every inducement by way of entreaty to no purpose, the Dutchman had recourse to bribery.

"How much monish do you schargo for te day's work, Mr. Carpisher?"

"A dollar and a half a day," was the reply.

"Den I will give you two dollish," said the Dutchman. To this the carpenter answered pretty celdly:

"I am not the man to be used in that kind o' style, Mr. Vansant, I assure you. Mr. Jones has employed me, and I intend to oblige him."

"Never mind that, Mr. Carpisher; me will shettle dat business mit him; so come along mit me." Turning round to Jones, who so far had only been a looker-on, and shaking his fist in the face of the unoffending fisherman, he said:

"As for you, I vil kilt you mit dis, if you say one vurd, you low-life skunk."

"What do you mean?" inquired Jones.

"I mean dat de carpisher shall vurk for me anyhow, and you can't help yourself." Jones began to feel now like correcting the too familiar stranger, but he bit his lips, and merely told him that if he knew what was best for himself, he had better not get over the bounds of gentlemanly politeness and civility.

This only made the disappointed man more aggravated. He pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and prepared to assault Jones, who was not exactly prepared to ward his first blow. Reeling backward, he would have fallen had it not been for the carpenter, who was standing near, and caught him in his arms. Instantly recovering, however, he struck his antagonist a blow under the left eye that felled him sprawling to the ground. After giving him a severe drubbing, he was permitted to depart in peace, with the command to "sin no more," while the two others walked on towards the Onancock.

After getting home, Manchester observing the impression of Jones' fist upon his worthy's face, inquired the cause, to which he received the following answer:

"Dat same villain vich you seed mit de sheep, dit it; and he is no more ty brover dan Vanshant is; but one ting I knows, he is von pig fighter."

This seemed to bring back Scarborough's cheerfulness, and he enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of his defeated friend.

In a few days Jones wrote a letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Scarborough, the mother of Alonzo, informing her of the dreadful catastrophe that had made her a widow and her first-born boy an orphan

After waiting two or three weeks for a reply and receiving none, he wrote again and again ; but with the same success.

Deeming it his duty, he began to make preparations to accompany Alonzo to New-York, where the boy said that he could easily find his mother's house.

When Aunt Amie heard this, she shook her head and sighed, saying, "That 'crossing the bay' was not what it was cracked up to be;" though the real cause of her objection was, she did not like to stay alone in the cottage till his return. But "massa Jones wished her to do so, and if she were to lose her life by it, let it be lost."

Like all other negroes, she was fearful, superstitious, and suspecting ; therefore it was decidedly against her disposition to tarry, but for him she would jeopardize her very existence.



## CHAPTER VI.

"To speak the last, the parting word,  
Which, when all other sounds decay,  
Is still like distant music heard."

"Night cometh on: the evening star  
Saddens with light the glimmering sea,  
Whose waves shall soon to realms afar  
Waft me from hope, from love, from thee.  
Coldly the beam from yonder sky  
Looks o'er the waves that onward stray;  
But colder still the stranger's eye  
To him whose home is far away."—MOORE.

THE day having at length arrived for Jones and Alonzo to take their departure, and, every thing needful in readiness, accompanied by the old woman, they proceeded down to the landing place, where the yawl of the schooner which was to take them on, was waiting. After embracing the boy, Aunt Amie took the hand of her good master, and said:

"Massa Jones, I does hate to see you be going away. I is not afeard dat I will never see you no more; but dare is a feeling here" (placing her hand upon her breast) "what pains me very hard. I is bin living wid you for many long years, and in all dat time you have never found fault of Amie, nor has Amie any

time found harm of massa Jones." This was all she could say. Tears, humble yet sincere, flowed freely down her rough-hewn face.

"No," said Jones, "we have dwelt in peace together; God grant that we may meet again."

"Amen!" responded from the lips of the faithful servant as the boat moved off from the shore. She turned her back upon the departing voyagers—shall we say, never to behold the kind visage of Amos Jones again on earth?

She continued to weep long after his voice, telling her to be composed, was hushed by the plying oars and lost in the distance. When they ranged alongside the impatient schooner, her bending form was seen disappearing behind a woody bluff that skirted the flowing stream.

The anchor was weighed; the sails, which had heretofore been hoisted, swelled with the pressing wind, and like a white-winged bird, sped the merry craft upon her mission.

The boy was very lively with the anticipation of seeing once more his dear mother, who had soothed him to sleep when an infant upon her bosom, and sung the lullaby as "evening let her curtain down," and the coals burned feebly in the grate; when the father was rocked by the ocean wave, and the heart of the mother felt sick and sorrowful. He was thinking how glad she would be to see him after so long an absence, when the thought of the sad news he was bearing home of a husband's death, and a tear the most mournful that he had ever shed trickled down his cheek.

Alas ! child of sorrow, thou art young to feel the pangs of anguish. Thy days have truly been "few in number and full of trouble." Too soon hast thou learned the hard lesson, that to live is to know pain severe, and woes beyond the power of expression.

The captain inquired the cause of the boy's grief, and was told the tale of misfortune by the honest-hearted Jones.

That night, when the fisherman lay down in his narrow berth, his eye was sleepless, and his mind busy ruminating over the lost and gloomy past. Again upon the face of the inconstant waters, the days of his sailor life came back, and after acting over the many scenes of peril through which he had mysteriously yet safely been brought, the association of ideas carried him back to his first home and the friends of his youth. With many pleasing but more poignant reflections preying upon his feverish brain, he arose, ascended the "companion-way," and paced the deck to and fro, while the crescent moon was sinking slowly beneath the blue sparkling brine, and pearly night-watchers twinkling through the hazy veil that hung beneath the azure vault.

His mind settled sufficiently for another trial after composure, he stretched himself upon the bare plank, as oftentimes he had done before, with a coil of rigging for a pillow, the spangled heavens for a coverlid, and the hard deck for a bed ; and soon his heavy eyes closed in slumber, while Morpheus held possession of his faculties as the spirit travelled the unearthly labyrinths of that mystical world of dreams.

A good breeze had been blowing all day, and the

vessel had sailed swiftly on her destined track. Cape Henry bore south-by-west, and with the present weather the captain calculated to moor her safe alongside the wharf in the city of New-York by the end of twenty-four or five hours. But how truthful the old adage: Man proposes—God disposes. In his projections this time he was doomed to be disappointed and overthrown, for an hour afterward the wind lulled to a mere whisper, then entirely. A thick, heavy fog was fast enveloping the whole prospect, and the sails which but a short while ago were bending full to the gale, now, wrinkled and useless, flapped so heavily that they had to be braced firmly to prevent their shaking to pieces. Scream, scream, went the booms, growling to the roll of the sea, which, though high and well-regulated, presented a surface even and unbroken, save when perchance a hungry shark or porpoise reared his slippery head in careless sport about the drowsy schooner. A sailor's curses, mingled with the song of some water-fowl, now and then went out upon the ocean, breaking the universal stillness that prevailed.

When will the time arrive in the which seamen will learn to fear God, and forget to blaspheme; when religion will dwell upon the "mighty deep," where wickedness has so long predominated?

Jones was still lying upon the deck, and strange thoughts were wafted over his magnified perceptions. He was back again in his humble home in Virginia; but instead of Aunt Amie, a woman of fair complexion was living with him, and her name was—Matilda. In her he recognized a being whom he had

once, as yet, dearly loved. He saw the same love-beaming eye, heard the same sweet voice, saw the same soul-cheering smile, the same form, the same features, felt the same disposition, heard the same tender words of affection, enjoyed the same embrace, the same kiss, the same all, and the same dear—Wife. Now the noise of the chafing spars would half awake him to consciousness ; then giving way to the exerting influence of unsatisfied sleep, as man is apt to do when broken off from the thread of a pleasant vision, he would invite the delightful trance again to his presence. But the fair, frail picture which came to him at first, refused to be wooed any more, but gave place to one more appalling.

This time he saw the same person being led away by a rough monster, who, as he dragged her along, used rougher words and menaced blows. His first impulse was to fly to her assistance, but he had not the power to move hand or foot. While thus struggling in vain to give the help which so earnestly he desired, the villain raised a huge glittering knife, and was on the point of plunging it into her bosom, when a hand from an unseen body caught the descending weapon, and snatching the ruffian by the throat, sent the keen point deep into his adamant heart. The sleeper was in the act of exclaiming, "Thank Heaven!" when the quick, agitated voice of a sailor aroused him instantly.

"All hands ahoy! Stand by, to throw the boat overboard!"

Then a loud clanking of blocks, rustling of canvas, and a voice only a little distance astern, saying,

"Look out there! we'll run you down!" brought him to his feet.

Casting his eyes over the tafferel, he saw at once the whole cause of the alarm and confusion. The dark, heavy-looking sides, the tall masts and white canvas of a large ship, slowly but surely was drifting helmless upon the little schooner, alike unmanageable.

The heart-rending fact burst suddenly upon the minds of all on board. The danger was perfectly understood. Both vessels were uncontrollable, and unless the yawl was speedily launched, so that the smaller craft could be towed beyond the reach of the large one, destruction was unavoidable. By this time the boat was in the water, but so excited were the men, that in their haste to get it over, the bottom fell uppermost, and it was too late to repair the accident, for the long bowsprit of the ship already obtruded half-way to the schooner's mainmast.

Jones, on the first alarm, had run to the cabin where Alonzo was asleep, and snatched him forth, without clothes, to the deck. Still remembering the feats of agility and the climbing of ropes, at which he had served quite a protracted apprenticeship, he took the boy in one hand, and with the other gained the ship's deck, leaving behind a part of his coat-skirts, torn off by the captain, who, in attempting to follow, was stunned by the concussion and thrown backward.

The black prow of the ship rose up dripping with her native element, as if eager to ride over her helpless prey, and then coming down with a splash that seemed to shake the very sea, she would strike upon

the trembling victim or suffering sailor, while cries of the poor dying, drowning wretches went upon the waves—a melancholy sound.

Down, down, she sinks ; the waters come in, over the wreck moves the fell destroyer. With dawn of day the fog cleared away, and a nice breeze springing up,” the ship, after tarrying some time a vain search for the remaining crew of the schooner, lifted her sheets and stood to the eastward, bound for London, though our lucky friend earnestly pleaded without effect to be carried back to the Colonies.

He was promised, however, that if a sail was seen he should be transferred. But this was a slim hope for in those days the high seas were less frequented than now.

The stars and stripes, at present borne upon the tide and before every gale, telling of liberty, power and renown, were then undreamt of, and the flag of St. George held supreme command both upon ocean and the land.

Since then an infant colony has arisen in Columbia of the distant west, and a navy mighty in its strength and exulting in its achievements, spreads the russet canvas and turns the dashing wheel.

Soon the scene of disaster was far in the distance behind, and the low, black line of the coast receded from sight, and nothing but the deep, blue expansive waters was visible.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Vicentio.* Let me peruse the face where loveliness  
Stays, like the light after the sun is set.  
Sphered in the stillness of those heavenly blue eyes,  
The soul sits beautiful; "the high white front,  
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple  
Sacred to holy thinking;" and those lips  
Wear the sweet smile of sleeping infancy,  
They are so innocent.—~~SHIEL.~~

IN the year 1750, two families under the title of Upshire and Bradford, from England, came to America, and settled on the peninsula which forms that part of Virginia called "the eastern shore," from its position on the east side of the well-known Chesapeake, nearly twenty miles south of the Onancock, reckoned now in the county of A——.

These two families were at first immensely rich, and in fact, the former never depreciated in wealth for a long time after the Revolutionary War. They were for a number of years upon the best terms of intimacy, but in course of time, on account of a trifling cause of jealousy, a deadly hatred was thenceforward cherished with but little pliancy on either side.

To Upshire was born a daughter, the first and only child that he ever had. For several months her parents could not decide upon a suitable name for the little



heiress ; but after a while they came to the conclusion to connect certain syllables of the two grandmothers given appellations, which were Malinda and Ma. The derived word which they conferred upon the child was, " Mahalinda."

Our heroine, at the time which dates the commencement of the story, was not more than five years old. Here we must leave her for a while, to enjoy the simplicity of infancy and pleasantness of childhood to visit her again after years had passed and she had grown up, and find instead of a happy innocent child a grown-up woman, an actor in the hurrying scene of mortal existence—a woman in all a woman's loneliness, in all her passions, and in all her smiles, tears, sunshines and showers.

In the same year, day, even on the same stormy night, and at the same dark hour of midnight, was born a girl-child in the Bradford family.

By this time, through various misfortunes, the fortune of the present heir had diminished vastly. The influence of friends, the attacks of enemies, and the deception and fraud of villains, had reduced the once flourishing property down to a mere maintenance, and the wealth of his contemporary had, under the influence of Dame Fortune, studied economy, and the reverence of preceding holders, grown and accumulated until the Upshire was considered to be the wealthiest family in Eastern Virginia.

Such the lesson gained by the observer of marriage. Two will commence in life, both with equal chances of success in business and advantages of becoming wealthy or poor. One will end his days in luxury.

surrounded with all that can please the mind and divert the tastes of mortality—fond friends, obedient servants, and loved kindred to mourn his demise; the other ends his long, toilsome, or short, intemperate career in poverty, despised in the memory of (should have been) friends, and unwept for.

But understand that this is not always owing to the mismanagement of the man. It often occurs that the unseen hand of Providence, for an unseen but not less important object, permits the evil one, as in the case of Job, to “touch all that he has;” in which circumstance the loser is always the gainer, for what God in mercy takes, he will with tenfold worth restore.

Upshire, according to the manner and style in which he was brought up, and the position in society that his family had always held, lived up to all the customs assumed by and due to England’s gentry, which includes excessiveness of drinking, eating, gaming, aristocracy, and self-pride. Therefore, when taking into estimation the humbleness of his foe, it was an impetus to his resentment and an excuse for his malice. Bradford was a kind, well-disposed man, silently but laboriously toiling to repair the loss which others had forced upon his unsuspecting heart; listening not to the taunts of his haughty neighbor, or murmuring at the fate which had cast his lot so lowly.

Upshire was desirous that his child should excel in beauty even the renowned Helen of Grecian fame, and that she might be admired by the great and the noble, without a due consideration of in what greatness consisted, or to whom nobleness might be with equity applied; while, on the other hand, Brad-

ford's highest wish was to see his, a woman noted for virtue, the fairest gem that ever decked a female brow. He endeavored to give her a good education, tinged with suitable lessons of morality, which is so often overlooked by parents and guardians, and omitted by the careless tutor.

Years passed by. Mahalinda reached her sixteenth year, and had finished her education, as young girls usually do in this State at that age.

Her stature was slightly above the medium size, her limbs well proportioned to her height, and gently tapering to their extremities ; her shoulders rounded a little at the arm-pits, her breast prominent, and her waist much larger than the waspish-looking, laced-to-death sort of beauties that the writers of the present day pencil.

Her eye was Tom Moore's "melting blue," shaded with long silken lashes ; her nose thin, and Grecian in form ; her mouth small, and set with pearly teeth ; her forehead small, but not a scanty development so much as the manner in which she wore her hair, which was auburn, wavy, but not inclined to curl.

Now, as respects her beauty of person, the reader is left to judge according to his or her own peculiar ideas of human perfection.

Her character was by no means one to please her father, although he had spared no pains to rear her in all the ways of his own high-mindedness and egotistical dignity ; but contrary to his most sanguine expectations, he saw with perplexity and dissatisfaction, the soul of his daughter expanding in gentleness, humanity, and complacency. He was coerced to wit-

ness esteem for equality, her condescension, and her meekness. All these things he abhorred. They were contrary to his narrow, prepossessed views; and as Mahalinda was his only child, he could not bear the thought that she should thus grow up so foreign to his will and mandates. But so it was; nor had he the power or lack of feeling to correct the impalpable error into which he considered his daughter to have fallen.

Ilnetta, the daughter of Bradford, was not so tall as Mahalinda. Her form was more bulky, her eyes and hair black, the former mischievous and playful.

Her disposition was lively, but her inward sensations not half so deep as those of the former. One was a merry, laughing beauty; the other, calm as the unmoved surface of an undisturbed lake, whose crystal waters quietly reflect the diadems of the upper world, filled those in her presence with awe and respect—an influence which every lady may exert, and an ensample worthy the practice of any.

These two girls, although their parents were at variance, loved each other as dearly as if they had been twin sisters. The circumstances of their birth were well known to both, and they looked upon the coincidence as something which ought to promote a lasting friendship; so that when they met accidentally at school, an intimacy began which was to exist with their lives, and survive even the rude hand of death.

The father of Mahalinda had forbidden her to associate with the much-loved companion of school-times; and though she dearly desired to obey his injunctions when dictated by reason, yet in this case she was disobedient as often as opportunity would allow her to

visit Illnetta, when the bedside of a good sield  
(who was hastening rapidly on the wings of c  
tion to a premature grave) could be left wit  
easiness.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Emma.*—O William! you have wronged me—kindly  
wronged me.

Whenever yet was happiness the test  
Of love in man or woman? Who'd not hold  
To that which must advantage him? Who'd not  
Keep promise to a feast, or mind his pledge  
To share a rich man's purse? There's not a churl,  
However base, but might be thus approved  
Of most unswerving constancy. But that  
Which loosens churls, ties friends, or changes them  
Only to stick the faster. William! William!  
That man knew never yet the love of woman,  
Who never had an ill to share with her.

GENTLE, patient reader, your attention is now called from the shores of the New World, to a great, "oft-heard-of" land, far across the Atlantic—the isle of long-established fame, from whose mighty cities, flowery fields, and pleasant valleys have sprung the fathers of our own literature, the progenitors of our own language. And to understand this, and the few succeeding chapters, the mind must travel back over the ruins of past years, the graves of heroes, and the fallen greatness of former men. In doing which, you are not invited to stop and enter minutely into the details of English times, either historical or political, but only to give a passing glance at a few private in-

cidents, which relate to the investigation of certain characters under consideration.

In the north-eastern part of Essex county, England, stood the house, or rather the castle, of Lord Scarborough, a nobleman of considerable wealth and lively reputation, and the father of two grown-up children. Robert, the first-born, was a youth of extraordinary intellectual capacities, and endowed with many virtuous qualities.

From an early age, he had manifested a respect for benevolence and Christian philanthropy. He was never better pleased than when doing some needy person an act of kindness, for which purpose he visited the lowliest tenant, and administered to the wants of the meanest wretch, bestowing comfort to the bereaved, and sustaining the faint by kind words and better deeds.

Add to all this a firm, manly spirit, which could brave any danger, nor staggered at sight of duty, and you will yet have but an imperfect idea of the excellent principles of Robert Scarborough.

In room of the haughty, contemptuous young nobleman that his parent and friends wished him, he was humble, yet firm and steadfast, making choice of meekness before pride, and virtue before worldly honors, the true ornaments of an untarnished character.

Lord Scarborough, after trying every means which his own or the minds of his coadjutors could suggest, to wean the "wayward boy," as he called him, from his unbecoming habits, after sending him to a distant school, and absenting him from home for a number of years, without effect, determined in the future to act

with more severity, forcing him into views towards which persuasion and threats were useless. And as a double impetus to his displeasure, he made suit to a young and beautiful cottage girl, the daughter of a neighboring tenant.

The younger brother, Manchester, was a boy of weak mind, hidden expression, and deceitful character. He never manifested the part of a brother towards Robert, or friendship towards any one, save those who were equally vile as himself.

Such a son was a fit subject to receive the base instructions of a high-minded parent, who every day infused into his willing soul new phases of loyalty, pride, and vainness. Not unfrequently either did the short-sighted father mingle expressions of hatred and jealousy concerning the behavior of Robert; and thus encouraged, the evil precepts from such a producer, and offered to such a ready communicant, soon presented themselves in a most hideous form, the culminating point of all his demoniacal wishes.

Nor did he hesitate to make available every item, both true and false, that his fertile mind could devise, in alienating his brother from the esteem and confidence of Lord Scarborough, who, needing not much to excite him against the hated violator of a father's mandates, listened with eagerness and pleasure to the villainous proposals of Manchester, vehement to put in force the views of his obedient son, which amounted to nothing less than an entire prescription, not merely from the family circle, but from the least share in the estate or honors of his rightful patrimony.

Blindly, foolishly, and without a serious thought of



the baneful consequences, Lord Scarborough was maturing a plan to ruin his best blood, and drive to utter despair a child whose heaven-built soul had led him to stand in defense of virtue in opposition to every being on earth that bore to him a relationship, an innocent mother alone excepted.

He was inadvertently setting thorns in his own death-bed, and bringing down upon himself a tide of misery, destined to darken his declining life, and send his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. O father ! if this humble volume comes under thy observation, ponder well the plain truth which it contains, nor forget the precepts which it teaches—that moral goodness is something more than a proud title or an empty name, which may fitly be styled

“ A sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.”

We are an advocate of a cheerful obsequiousness on the part of children to parents ; but when religious duty is at stake, the obligation is null and void. The child undoubtedly owes a service to its parent, but the parent owes a greater one to the child ; therefore it is his duty to provide as well for the moral as the physical welfare of his offspring, and to regard its future happiness, instead of entailing upon it a legacy of miseries which drag the helpless victim down to the very verge of death.

Robert found a soul in Matilda Green as pure, as honorable, and as faithful in love as himself. In her bosom throbbed a heart which was foreign to deceit, that knew no shadow of turning when once it had been fixed to the beloved object of its choice.

Although of low parentage and modest birth, although fortune in her partial shower had neglected to bestow upon her that which empty hearts delight to possess, yet nature, true to her purpose, that looks alike upon the rich and poor, the high and the lowly, had given her elegance of form and feature far surpassing the ordinary standard, to which, by her own economy and assiduity, she had added acquirements such as few master who have the advantages of seminaries and professors of learning and art.

Such was the being of Robert Scarborough's affections. Who can blame him?

Can any one of a well-balanced mind find it in his heart to censure the youth for his decision? No. The wide world, often complained of as being unjust and cruel, answers: No.

He was aware of the parental displeasure that he was producing, but the well-grounded love for Matilda refused to be withdrawn. He found it impossible to wean his heart from the object of its first and only love; and after considering well the important step which he was on the eve of taking, he turned a deaf ear to the lofty voice of his father, since his prayers had been mocked, and no consideration on his part could soften the harsh disposition or alter the iron determination of his superior.

Manchester (deceitful scoundrel!) even urged him on, assuring him that he would supplicate Lord Scarborough in his favor. But Robert, who was too wise to be deceived, found out the treachery and unparalleled intrigue of his less than brother, and wept to know

that one so near, and once so dear, could prove his most secret and inveterate enemy.

But like a man of refined feelings, as he was, he never allowed that knowledge to escape, while it burned within him, a continual fire.

Often did he strive to get a momentary relief, by endeavoring to enforce the belief that his mind was biased by heated excitement, and that his brother's faults were dreamed-of vagaries, having no foundation; but the truth was too elucid long to admit of doubt, though, to spare the hardened feelings of Manchester, he never reproached him for his unnatural behavior, over pretending to be in utter ignorance of all that was transacting around and about him, so fatal to his present and future prospects.

Ah! who can tell or feel the pang of that young man's heart? A parent's threats of the most tyrannical bearing, searing the tender sensations of unblasted youth, a brother's traitor-like conduct, and a mother's gushing tears—all, all bearing down upon him with awful preponderance.

These things, like a "canker-worm," gnawed upon his vitals, and consumed his flesh; but the pure flame of affection glowing in his breast, never lost a single spark, but burned with more and more refulgence the darker grew his sky; and when almost forlorn, when ready to perish in the midst of the besetting woes and the keen darts of Brutus-like friends, far in the distance ahead would arise a twinkling star, and beam on his foundering bark.

It was eventide, the first of May, and nature was tranquil in the lap of spring. The woody vales were

et with the fragrance of flowers, and cheered with notes of birds, diversified in size and plumage, though at this hour their low music could scarcely be heard, as they nestled down to their leafy places of repose. The whip-poor-will, that seldom sings save in the night season, whistled his ominous\* lays, and the owl-boy, straying slowly up the hill to his humble home, sung his evening song. O delightful hour! sacred to love and romance, sacred to poetry, sacred to the painter's memory, and dearly sacred to that soul which loves then to hold "sweet converse" with its God.

The round full moon was shining in silver rays through the giant forest trees, gilding the landscape and dressing every object in a garb of fantastic beauty. Softly she walked her oft-trod path in silent majesty—the queen of all the starry hosts. The air was still, and tranquillity seemed to reign over the whole land.

In a beautiful grove, upon a seat hewn out by nature, and surrounded with twining eglantine, and creeping vines of divers sorts, and sweet-smelling blossoms, sat a young and lovely girl, though by the pale moonlight, which crept in through the latticed-wrought shrubbery, a sadness might have been observed shadowed over the angel-borrowed countenance.

By her side was a graceful young man, holding in his her small white hand. His eyes were cast upon the ground, as if in thought, and minuter observation tended to make one believe that the great deep of his

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\* It is said of the whip-poor-will, by superstitious people, that its song is an omen of death.

soul had been broken up. Agitation was depicted in his face as he sat there, listening to these words of his companion, spoken in a firm yet sober tone :

"Robert ! dear Robert ! it can not be. Leave me to myself. 'Twere better for me to see thee broken-hearted, than deserted by friends. No, let me never be the cause of so much misery to you," and the fond girl, for the first time since their meeting, gave way to a flood of bitter tears.

Kissing away the pearly drops, Robert, rising, said :

"You have a good heart, Matilda. There, now, do not weep on my account, for I am determined to wed you, let the consequences be what they may, though it sever the last tie which binds me to father, mother, brother, or sister ! There lives but one being to whose will I would submit in this case, and he is God."

"Nay, Robert, do not be too positive. Although I have loved you with the most lasting affection, yet I did not expect ever to marry."

"What !" exclaimed her lover, "what ! never expected to marry me ? I, who for thy sake have walked through a fiery furnace, braved ten thousand awful obstacles, bore up beneath the withering curse of a father's vengeance, smothered deep in my bosom a brother's displeasure, and mocked the frowns of a cold, cold world ! All this, ay, more, have I withstood for you, you who now would blast forever——"

"Hold ! Robert, noble Robert ! you wrong me. I did not say that it was my desire not to marry you ; no, no, but that I had never considered myself worthy a hand like yours. On account of your station, your wealth, your relatives, and your parents, did I make

the assertion, and not for any misgivings on my own part. I have never given myself away to hope; therefore the more easily can I give you up."

"Have I not often told you, Matilda Green, have I not sworn to make you my wife, even if my life should be at issue? Do you doubt me? If you do, here, grasp this hand, this hand which I have proffered honorably and freely, for the last time!"

"Oh! do not be angry, my own dear Robert. I did not intend to wound your feelings—Heaven forbid! Oh! if I were a princess, then would I glory in calling you my lord, my husband, my all.

"Long, long have I been thinking, dear Robert, that you were making an alliance which, if not timely checked, would bring down upon your innocent head the wrath of a displeased family, and, as you said, the frowns of a heartless world. But so devotedly and purely have I loved you, that I never could venture to mention the subject, though time and again it hath been upon my tongue's end. I have schooled my heart to look upon you as a brother only, driving far away the too happy thought of being yours, for I'd rather weep and be alone, than win you at the expense of all your earthly hopes. I had rather see another embrace this form that I love so well, than call it mine, and thereby make a deep, wide gulf between thee and thy kindred, with naught but one poor heart to call thine own, and that the property of an insignificant cottage girl. Say, Robert, say, will you not leave me, for the sake of your parents, for the sake of what man calls honor, and for the sake of your birth-right, which even now I fear is being taken from you?"

"I fear, Matilda, that you do not love me as you ought, or you never could ask me to forego the transporting anticipations which I have so long fostered—the prelude of future bliss, fraught with the ecstatic foretaste of calling you wife." Would you drive me to utter madness?"

"No; let me not be instrumental in producing pain, especially in the breast of one whose sensitive disposition has already been taxed too severely. Hear me, Robert; if you still will persist, if I can not constrain you by argument or entreaty, I will go to the end of the world, yes, to the end of life itself, for your sake."

"Then thou shalt be mine, Matilda! I care not for the malicious inspection of the world; all creation may frown, and darken the very universe; yet, like the eagle which soars above the storm-cloud, and enjoys the brightness of the noontide sun, so will I think myself superior to every look of scorn, and live in glorious blessedness under the benign influence of thy good smile. Say, Matilda, say, will you share a cottage with me?"

In silence she seemed to meditate upon what kind of an answer to give, when Robert proceeded:

"Speak, Matilda, for this is the last time that I shall ever urge you to a decision. If you bestow an affirmation, as we both live, to-morrow, at this very hour, we will be united; if a negative, you look for the last time upon one whose all has been sacrificed upon the altar of thy heart."

A silence dead as the lone vesper hour succeeded then the young man in muteness was departing, when

Matilda springing forward threw herself in his arms, and whispered : " Yes, yes ! "

" I am yours," she continued, " through weal or woe, through good or ill—thine forever ! "

And Robert murmured : " Amen. "

In that moment of exciting interest, Manchester Scarborough, who had been an eye as well as an ear-witness to the whole scene, crept softly away, and bent his stealthy steps towards home, unnoticed by the deeply affected lovers. However, when Robert spoke of his " brother's displeasure," a slight rustling was perceived in the bushes, but subsiding so quickly that it left no lasting impression, and Manchester, whose heart was akin to flint, soon breathed at liberty again, though he mechanically crouched lower, fearing to be observed ; for he had an idea of the crime which he was committing ; and besides, from childhood he had stood in awe of his brother, of whom his guilty soul was as timorous as the murderer of his victim's ghost.

Finding his father not in bed, when he reached home, he went in and disclosed in the most derogatory manner the facts reduced to falsehoods, which he had so ignobly gained.

The old man had never entirely given up all hope of reclaiming his son till now. But truth so simple, and yet so positive, could not be put by or evaded ; therefore he swore eternal vengeance against his first-born son, and with his own trembling hand dug a grave for himself and the happiness of Robert.

As Manchester was leaving the library, he accidentally met Robert, who had not retired, but so great was his guilt and shame that he hung his head, refus-



ing to answer a very friendly interrogation of his brother, and walked off in quite a contrary direction.

The next morning when the family was called in for breakfast, Manchester feigned indisposition, and did not appear; the real cause may be guessed without any difficulty.

The service passed off silently. Mrs. Scarborough was evidently in an overwhelming state of grief, Lord Scarborough stern and implacable, and Robert sad, thoughtful, and heavy.

The latter ate but little. His mind, far from being in a comfortable condition, was pondering upon a subject almost quaking at the solemn fact, that the day had come when he for the last time should supplicate a person who, with all his faults, was still a father.

He was sure of a negative, and that in the strong definition of the term. He had therefore prepared himself for the reception of the worst sentence that a father might see fit to bestow.

After breakfast Lord Scarborough retired to his library, purposing to call his son, that he might have one more conference before he expelled him forever from the paternal roof.

But Robert, who was as anxious for a final hearing as the old man, came without being sent for. With feelings that no pen can describe, he entered the presence of his father.

He was approaching a being whom he had from infancy been taught to love and revere—a father whose very wish was at one time executed even before it was verbally expressed. And perhaps that time would be the last that he should ever be pre-

mitted to gaze upon that venerable countenance which in his youthful imagination had towered above the rest of mankind; and although he keenly felt the wrongs which that parent had imposed upon him, yet it was a hard thing to think ill of—father.

After a few minutes of painful silence, the father spoke :

“Then, after all that has been said and done, you are determined to run off with that cottage wench.”

Robert, surprised and a little incensed, the first on account of his father being in possession of a fact which he thought was known only to himself and Matilda, and in the second place from hearing the woman of his heart’s adoration styled by the contemptuous appellation of wench, replied :

“Not if you had the heart of a parent; for then I should have no need of absconding.”

“Mind how you use your impertinence before me, sir,” said Lord Scarborough, growing warm at his son’s boldness.

“I did not desire to be impertinent !” said Robert ; “but, however, it matters not much how I speak now; although, as I am yet thy son and thou still my father——”

“That I am thy father, and that thou art my son by nature, I can no more than own; but that you are my son by privilege, and I your father in any other light save the most bitter hatred, you will ere long have the exquisite delight of knowing.”

“Father,” said Robert in a tone so sober that it surprised the enraged old man, “father, I have never in all my life done any thing to cause you to treat me

thus. I have in all but one instance obeyed you in every thing. In this I am under the necessity, though severe to my feelings, of telling you, as it is an unreasonable request, that I will yield not while this bosom heaves, and this brow is unimpressed by the hand of death!"

"Then go!" said his father. "Then go! and with you my living and my dying curse. May poverty, ruin, and the ghost of your wronged father follow close in your track, and may joy quit your presence now and forever! Go, leave my house, and remember that my inheritance shall descend to thy brother, while the only portion that thou shalt have is my eternal displeasure. And oh! may it follow you to your death-bed, and pinch you sharply while the last gurgle rattles in your unworthy throat." Then, foaming with rage, he took his hat and cane, and walked away.

For awhile the young man sat in silence, his face buried in his hands, and his mind bordering upon distraction. Then uprose before his tortured imagination the remembrance of by-gone pleasures, when, a boy wild and free, he sported about this hallowed place. Alas! how he loved and was beloved by his parents then, and Manchester! Now he was estranged from two, and the third he must leave too soon in "shame."

The past, the never-to-be-forgotten past, came up before him, teasing and mocking his inmost soul—pouring down like a great cataract threatening instant destruction; but just at the moment when he was on the point of retracting, the image of Matilda, like a rain-

how in summer, giving promise of peace at last, appeared to his soul's vision, smiling through the tempest, like a star to the lost traveller.

Rising hastily, he rushed to his mother's room to look once more upon that matron's visage, and kiss the time-furrowed cheek already marked with tears.

"O my mother!" he cried, as he fell prostrate before her, and wept from the broken fountain of his melting heart. "I could leave with less suffering, but for thee. Thou who hast nursed me tenderly upon thy lap, fondled over me with sensations such as a mother alone can feel, smiled as you witnessed my budding youth, and blessed God for his precious boon—thou too must be left!"

Folding her arms around his neck, she replied with thrice the sympathy that he expected:

"My dear son, I could weep my spirit from my eyes; yet, yet, I can not ask you to relinquish the object which you have in contemplation. I know that your affection is honorable, and, although I can not sanction it, I have not the power of will to dissuade you."

"God bless you, mother!" was all he could say. Wiping her swollen eyes, she went to her bureau, and taking out a well-filled purse, placed it in the trembling hand of her son, turned her back, and said:

"Take this, Robert—this, with my prayers, is all that I can give. Farewell, and may happiness smile upon you."

Long, long did that blessing ring in his ears: "And may happiness smile upon you." A mother's bene-

diction, how it sinks into the soul ! A mother's  
how it will cling to the memory of the wanderer  
A mother's prayers, they follow through joy or grief  
through life or death.

## CHAPTER IX.

"THERE'S naught so monstrous but the mind of man  
In some conditions may be brought to approve ;  
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and patricide,  
When flattering opportunity enticed,  
And desperation drove, have been committed  
By those who once would start to hear them named."

LILLIS.

HERE, kind reader, if you will permit us, we will pass silently over a few incidents, the narration of which would be irksome, and we think much more so to the reader. Suffice it to say, that Robert Scarborough and Matilda Green were married. With the contents of the purse which his mother gave him, and upon which he never looked without a burning tear, he was enabled to purchase a cottage and the requisites of cottage life, situated from London twenty-five miles. There, though in much smaller conditions than he had been reared to, though his home was low and scanty, shaking to the winter wind as it swept across the heath and entered the broken walls at several places, fanning the coals in the diminutive fireplace; and though the red bolt of heaven often dropped down from the black clouds in the summer season, leaving its telling impress upon the trees next

his building—yet he was happy in the pure love of his wife, and the filial fear of Jehovah.

And here, perhaps, the sometimes welcomed but most frequently evaded messenger, Death, would have found him, had it not been for the hellish designs of that saine monster who, for the avaricious principles of his infernal heart, freely and without compunction of soul, conspired against his own blood.

The circumstances are here related in an abridged manner.

A few months after Robert's elopement, he received information that his father, through his mother's influence, had in a great measure changed from his first design towards his prodigal son, who fervently hoped before many years at least, to see the storm blow over and pleasant sunshine succeed. He asked no higher state of living, no gaudy, glittering objects of luxury ; all that now remained to finish his earthly desire, was the smile of his parents and the esteem of his nearest friends. But Manchester, not yet satiated with the misery that he had already wrought—not satisfied with cruelty exercised towards an unoffending brother, or weary of serving the devil, of whose nature he so largely partook—aware that Lord Scarborough was growing weaker and weaker every day in his resentment—resolved to resort to other means even more rascally than any that he had ever before undertaken, and to carry out his diabolical intentions, he resolved to aim a blow which, if as well performed as directed, should end his fears and *make a finale* to the whole business.

Smart enough to be acquainted with his brother's

disposition, he went early to a vagabond Dutchman who lived at a short distance from his father, and having perfect knowledge of the character of him whom he intended to make an accomplice, he immediately opened the business of his errand, which was no sooner named than favorably accepted.

"I have some particular matters that I wish you to transact for me," said Manchester, addressing the Dutchman.

"Vell, and vat ish it you vish me to do for you? I vill do any ting dat be jest and honorable, as de fellow said vat stolt the chicken's roost," asked the personage spoken to, in broken English.

"We will not stop to question the magnanimity of the business," said the other, slightly blushing. "Any thing is just that we can be profited by, provided there is no blood spilt," he continued.

"Dat ish de fact, and if you vill gives me de houtlines I vill be sure to do de rest."

"Well, it is—a small affair—that—ahem—I—the whole truth is—"

"Vats," interrupted Vansant.

"Is—I wish you to carry that wench whom my—Robert, I mean, married—London, and see that you put her where she will not be heard from. You understand?"

"Most surdly. But I tells you to keeps dark, cause if Worbert vas to know it, he should killt me as sure as te day broke!"

Manchester, after assuring him that it was for his own as well as the Dutchman's benefit, to "keep dark," gave a few more particular directions and plans



of operation, which Vansant faithfully promised to obey to the very letter. Then putting into his hand a respectable sum of money as an earnest, these two young men, one the son of a lord and the other a peasant, separated, both feeling "ill at ease," yet ultimately fixed to carry out their schemes, despite the stings of conscience.

Kind reader, a few words are here offered by way of comment. In the course of nature every man is prone to do wrong. It is a Bible truth, and one that human nature has too often verified, that "there is in us no good thought," unless directed by God. As smoke which is not weighty enough to fall to the ground, consequently rises with the atmosphere, so we are as naturally and philosophically prone to sin, and it is only the workings of "the Great Spirit" upon the inward man, which enables us to think a good thought, or perform a good action. How important in the highest degree is it, therefore, that we be attentive to the calls of that monitor which never warns in vain!

Robert Scarborough had been married seven months, and with indefatigable industry and perseverance had gathered together a variety of essential household implements, and to this date had lived, it is free from error to say, in all the felicity which the world is capable of bestowing.

But Matilda, who, by this time, had become "necessarily indisposed," was unable to discharge the duties of the family, and as there was no person in the vicinity upon whom they might rely in the execution of the responsible obligations required, who was not preëngaged, the only alternative was for Robert to go to the city in quest of a servant.

Having engaged a neighbor's wife to tarry with Matilda until his return, which would be in the space of twenty-four or thirty hours, he set off in a rough cart, drawn by a small donkey, for the great metropolis.

To say that he left home with a heavy heart, would not be to speak an untruth; yet had he been asked the cause of his depression, he could hardly have answered.

There seems to be an unseen spirit which attends man in his perilous voyage through the ocean of life, sometimes as it were spreading out its heavy wings, overshadowing his feelings, casting a gloom around his pathway, filling his mind with dark, unearthly forebodings.

This was doubtless the condition of Robert, as he set out for the great city of London, now the queen of Europe.

The morning was fair, and the cheerful prospect of the country through which his journey lay, partly aroused him to liveliness, and drove away the dullness which the occasion had bred. In this mood he entered the city late in the afternoon, stabled his donkey, and sought an humble boarding-house for himself, thinking to await the next morning for the arrangement of his affairs.

Although weary with travelling all day in an uneasy carriage, he found not upon his bed the peace which he desired. Some, strange, unaccountable influence had taken hold of his faculties, which he tried in vain to dismiss.

After turning from side to side, seeking rest but

finding none, and courting sleep which would not be wooed in any posture, he sprang from his bed, and walked out into the open air with the determination to await in the street the coming of the crimson goddess. With a rapid, unsteady step, his mind becoming more and more confused, ~~he~~ walked whither he knew not; though there was not a place in the city with which he was not acquainted, when in his right state of mind.

The town clock striking four brought him to proper reflection, and informed him that day was not far distant.

Turning around for the purpose of retracing his walk, his attention was called to the stifled cry of a female, who was being dragged hurriedly along by two men. Perceiving by the pale light of the moon the shadow of our friend, she attempted to shriek for aid, but was partly prevented by the hand of one of her guards. Robert, who was ever a friend of the helpless, and a protector of the female sex, no matter when or where, ran to the assistance of the sufferer, and catching one of the ruffians by the collar of his coat, was throwing him to the ground, when the other dealt him such a blow in the face that he let go his hold. In the mean time the lady threw off her vail, and disclosed to the stunned vision of Robert the distorted features of—Matilda.

At the same time she recognized her husband, and tried to spring towards him; he heard her scream his name—he felt a deafening blow, and all was darkness.

Vansant, after leaving Manchester, two days pre-

vicious to the happening of the last tragedy, understanding perfectly well what his employer desired, eagerly began to make preparations for the performance of his journey, and to contemplate the *modus operandi* of executing his designs.

Remembering that he had a brother in London engaged with a band of desperadoes, that without dread of earth, heaven, or hell, practised every kind of wickedness and villainy upon both the land and ocean, plundering every person, ship or house, which promised a reward, he made up his mind to place the unfortunate woman in their hands.

With these considerations he set off as soon as night-fall for the scene of action, and after travelling all night, arrived there just in time to see Robert take his departure.

Sleeping concealed in the bushes until the next night, he was upon the eve of undertaking his diabolical work, when a large vehicle, drawn by a span of black steeds, and containing only one inmate besides the postillion, drove up in view. Instantly a new idea seized his fruitful mind. Leaping from his hiding-place like the king of the forest from his covert, before the coach could pass, he shot the postillion, and so frightened the nobleman within that he suffered himself to be bound and gagged without making any resistance; while the lucky rogue mounted the coach-box and drove away, to the chagrin of the cowardly owner.

He drove up to the cottage door, and before the women had even time to make an outcry, he bore Matilda away, and was soon out of sight on the road

to London. The remaining woman, awfully now speedily left the house ; nor ceased runn safe in the arms of her husband.

The Dutchman, holding the reins of two horses, drove with surprising velocity, and in the city about the hour of midnight. Pro to his place of destination, he made a quick of his prize, who, though senseless and almost still retained marks of undeniable beauty.

## CHAPTER X.

"AND how felt he, the wretched man,  
Reclining there—while memory ran  
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life?  
'There was a time,' he said, in mild  
Heart-humbled tones, 'thou blessed child!  
When young, and haply pure as thou,  
I looked and prayed like thee—but now—'  
He hung his head—each nobler aim,  
And hope, and feeling, which had slept  
From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!"—MOORE.

ON the same day that Robert Scarborough went to London, and the day after the conference of Manchester and Vansant, Lord Scarborough was sitting in his private chamber, his eyes fixed upon the few coals that sparkled in the fire-place, and thoughtless of what was before or around him, so deeply was he in that state expressed by the Latins in the phrase: "*Cogitationibus inhærens*." It was night, and a taper burned flickeringly upon a table near his elbow, casting his shadow upon the wall, and that looked as gloomily and as troubled as its original. Even in the represented lips a slight tremor might have been noticed, now and then; for the old man ignorantly spoke in an inaudible tone with himself.

The hour was one of trying heaviness to his feelings. He was endeavoring to reconcile himself to the conduct of his son, and no doubt found it the most vexatious thing to perform that he had ever undertaken. He was a man who valued his honor as highly as his life, and his name he loved as dearly as his own soul.

He felt in the union of his son and the cottager's daughter an eternal disgrace alighting upon him and upon his family ; he imagined a reproach had fallen which no time or circumstance could ever eradicate.

The affection for his wife, the paternal affection for his child, that increased in absence, and the little real virtue in the heart yet living, waged a furious warfare with his worldly-mindedness, and was overcoming by degrees the strong resolutions made in a moment of wrathfulness—alas ! too thoughtlessly, too inconsiderately, too harshly.

By and by a light footstep broke his killing reverie, and a small hand gently touched his shoulder. Presently a large tear-drop fell upon his care-traced face. It was his wife ! Putting her arms about his neck as she was wont to do in the blissful days of early conjugal affection, she said :

“ Are you not willing yet, my lord, to receive Robert as a son ? When last we talked together, you promised that after a careful consideration of the matter, you would answer me more directly. Tell me, adored husband, may he not again be favored with a reconciliation—with a father's blessing and a mother's love ? ”

The old man spake not ; yet it was obvious that emotions of varied description were commingling and

effervescing in his heated bosom. His trembling frame shook the old arm-chair in which he sat, and his wife, fearing that a sudden illness had come upon him, was about to inquire the cause, when a gush of repentant tears, the first he had shed since childhood, as much relieved himself as surprised his wife.

Rising, he embraced her, saying :

"Yes, yes, for your sake do I forgive my offending child ; for your sake do I recall the curses that I have heaped upon him."

May the question be put : "Is it in accordance with the will of God for thee, old man, to revoke thy oaths ? After thou, in the face of high Heaven, hast sworn to make an impassable abyss between thee and thy offspring, is it not painful to thy very nature, to falsify such important protestations ?"

These are no doubt the interrogations which Lord Scarborough demanded of himself, and this accounts for his distress of mind.

Fortunately, he hit upon the best and only mode of getting under, conscientiously, the tangible controversy—the only balm for his feelings—the only excuse for his deviation from right, namely, that of repentance.

Persuaded that he sinned not in repealing that which he was never justifiable in saying, and that his great, his exceeding wrong, was centred in the beginning, when, regardless of consequences, he violated one of Christ's blessed commandments : "Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths :



"But I say unto you, swear not at all ; neither by heaven ; for it is God's throne ; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool ; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King.

"Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black."

"Yes, yes, sweet wife ! thank God, the storm has past ! I feel that a mighty burthen has rolled from my soul, giving me sweet relief. I am now ready to embrace my son—even Robert, my wronged, afflicted child. I care not for name, rank, or fortune. I live on to see him again, to tell him that I am his father still

"Thank you—thank Heaven !" was the only reply of the joyful mother.

"Thank the devil, will you ? However, you will not have the opportunity of seeing, much less embracing, the young man ; or I am vastly mistaken or a fool—one," said Manchester, sliding away to another apartment, exulting in the mischief which he had planned, fully satisfied that at that very hour it was working its blasting effects upon his hapless victims.

Early on the following morning, an epistle was forwarded to Robert, bearing the information that his father was willing to receive him again to his fireside as a son, and his wife as a daughter.

The old man, laboring with a mania, the fruits of an unpleasant vision, a visitant of the preceding night commanded the messenger to go direct and return with all possible dispatch. In due time the horseman returned ; but with what sensations did the master listen to the tale of woe which his servant related !

His cup of agony that had for a long time been i

creasing, was now full to overflowing. Calling a fresh horse, without tarrying to attend to any preliminary adjustments, he mounted the ready beast, and driving a spur deep in his flank, dashed away at full speed, with a resolution that faltered not, to find, if in the realm, his wretched son.

Robert did not awake to full knowledge of his situation, until he felt himself being raised upon his feet by a stranger who, addressing him in kind accents, soon brought him to understand where and how he came to be there. The blow which had prostrated him was from a slung-shot, severe but not dangerous. For a while he stood motionless, seeming to consider what was best to do, or which the right way to go. Then remembering the dream-like transactions in which he had so lately been an unfortunate performer, he burst into tears, and with dishevelled hair and a small stream of blood trickling down his cheek, he turned abruptly from the kind stranger, and moved with rapid yet confused strides towards the suburbs of the city. Now, as he walked, never for once regarding the salutations of the passers by, who, wondering at his strange appearance, stopped awhile to look, he began to surmise that he might have made a mistake in the person of the unhappy lady, and that after all there may have been some error. This feeble hope inspiring him with new courage and strength, he mended his pace to a run, until he arrived at the place where he had stopped, when, without compensating the landlord, he hurried as fast as the swiftest speed of his long-eared donkey could carry him, in the direction of his cottage.

One more long mile—and the spirits of the faithful ass being well-nigh spent, he left him to make the best of his way home, and running with all his might, he soon came within sight of his loved habitation. Panting he sprang within the half-closed door. The house was vacated. Unnoticed, the purring cat stroked her sides against his muddy boots.

Wildly he gazed around the familiar room ; every object, impressed with the likeness of its mistress, stared him in the face, and even the the oft-worn bonnet and shawl hung carelessly up in the corner.

Suddenly, with a look of unutterable despair, he threw his arms wildly above his hatless head and with a voice that shook the silence of the woods and vales around, he cried :

“Matilda ! O Matilda ! lost, lost, lost !” Then bordering upon insanity, he precipitately departed, and wandered in ignorance back again to London.

Lord Scarborough, not finding any trace of his son at the cottage, also proceeded to the city, inquiring of every person that he met for intelligence concerning the late mysterious affair. Years had added disease to infirmity, and the old man, over-exercised from riding so far on horseback, was in a fainting condition when he reached the great mart of the world. Night coming on, he sought partial refreshment, and the next morning resumed his search. Late in the afternoon, completely heart-broken and foundered, he sat himself down in an unfrequented place, in order to recover nerve enough to steady his aching limbs sufficiently for him to make a move towards home, and in about an hour afterward with the chill of death

shaking his limbs, he might have been seen jogging slowly away.

Robert, wearing the same unmeaning face, and filled with insignificant musings, entered the outskirts of the ~~city~~ and was lagging along, he cared not whither, when the figure of a man not at all uncommon to his sight, whose countenance looked careworn and weary, as he sat resting against the wall of a churchyard.

He stopped as still as he could; for the first time since he had left his desolate home, collected his scattered reason, and closely scrutinized the feeble personage that had so unexpectedly and miraculously struck his morbid perceptions.

"It must be my father," thought he; "it is the same hat and coat; the same gray locks upon which I have gazed with mingled feelings of respect and pity. Yes, and pity on account of the impressive truth that they are blossoming for the grave, and the fast-failing appearance that they give to his once manly and yet venerable form."

It was his father, and he knew it. Ah! what workings of uncommon import moved his frenzied soul. "Now," thought he, "as I need it most badly, I will go and seek forgiveness; yes, and I will tell him of all my sufferings; he who in the more happy days of youth was wont to open his heart and take me in, and offer words of cheering comfort when the hand of sickness oppressed me—to his arms will I fly and find rest to my harassed soul. But should he not listen to me—should he spurn me from him—methinks I can not bear the idea. Once have I felt how keen the

sting of a father's curse. I can not feel it more Farewell, my father! my wife, oh! farewell, Matilda!—my heart-strings—they break, they break! ] go to death—to—”

He had not finished the last broken sentence when a tipsy sailor staggered up against him, exclaiming:

“Hollo! what you 'bout here, shipmate, and what ye standing here star-gazing for? Come, tack ship, and let's run down to old Mike's and get in a wee bit of a ballast.”

Robert did not reply, but willing to go anywhere and with any one, to escape the exquisite torture that was consuming his heart's core, he suffered himself to be led into a grog-shop near by, where for the first time he submitted himself a sacrifice to “king Alcohol,” that tyrant who lays waste the home of peace and comfort, destroys the fondest hopes, blights the most promising germ of youth, and snatches the very bread from a starving infant's little hand. With whose dreaded cohorts humanity and love is an idle song, while they ravage the quiet hamlet, disgrace the innocent female, and drop slow poison into many a connubial cup of bliss.

After drinking a large potion, that took a very remarkable effect upon his already-excited nerves, he went down to the dock with his newly-made friend, shipped on board a merchantman, and when he came to perfect sanity, the broad, blue expanse of ocean raved around in awful splendor.

A few days and Lord Scarborough died, leaving behind him a will in which it was whispered he had constituted Robert an equal heir, but in case he never

turned, Manchester was the sole legatee. His wife did not survive but a few weeks her husband's demise, when Manchester, situated exactly to his wishes, by false report and "stratagem refined," took possession of the whole estate, appearing outwardly in perfect ease and exuberance; but if the hearth-stone of feeling could have been investigated by mortal eye, how differently would the world have thought!

A smiling face and blooming cheek are by the slight observer looked upon as sure indications of happiness and health. But alas! the former is fictitiously artificial, and the latter a physician's most reliable symptom of that deadly disease which comes dressed in the salubrious glow of animated wholesomeness, and decoys its victim in subtlety from the midst of friends and dependent relatives.

## CHAPTER XI.

“AWAY, away, ye notes of woe !  
Be silent, thou once soothing strain ;  
Or I must flee from hence, for oh !  
I dare not trust those sounds again.  
To me they speak of brighter days—  
But lull the chords, for now, alas !  
I must not think, I may not gaze,  
On what I am, on what I was.”—BYRON.

WAR at this time raging furiously between France and England, and the ship on board which fate had cast Amos Jones and the boy Alonzo, belonging to the government, and transporting special messages from the New to the Old World, the captain, careless of a thing so small as the misfortune of those two, compared with his personal responsibilities, sought neither opportunity nor means to send them back, but kept steadily on with all possible dispatch.

In the mean time, Jones, perceiving the futility of hoping to reach New-York or his own home in a short while, resolved, after many good wishes for Amie and not a few tears for the disconsolate mother and disappointed boy, to render his unpleasant predicament reasonably agreeable to himself and those around him ; for there were also passengers on ship-board, among whom the most important was a French

t, accompanied by a child and mother-in-law, g to England.

child of Lecatt (for such the Frenchman was appeared to be precisely of the same age as and so nearly resembled him in every par- hat the guardian and father could only with

designate between the two at a distance. es, their hair, their features, their statures, r' disposition, bore such a surprising conge- hat a strong attachment was kindled in the the blunt Frenchman for the orphan adopted Amos Jones, which led to an intimate ac- ce on their own part; Lecatt seeming at the company of one so entertaining as the old io, from youthful associations, was not only ed in good manners, but from his knowledge ure could converse with ease upon the lead- s of the day. No wonder, then, that Lecatt n unawares by the finding of a man who pur- be a common seaman, that was equal with n point of learning, and with the exception of t phrases, as fluent and prolific as the best accomplished gentleman.

days after the dreadful calamity spoken of th chapter, Jones and Lecatt were seated on -deck engaged in an interesting conversation g to the struggle maintained in the Colonies, eeing that the first cause, namely, the dispute to the cold, barren, and inhospitable shores of otia, was not worth half the blood which had een shed by these two jealous-minded pow- a low, sweet voice, singing in the ladies'



cabin, came floating up the companion-way, composed of Luther's time-honored air affixed to the words of an old-fashioned hymn.

The music was well performed and attractive, even to the hardy sons of the sea that were standing near enough to catch the sound majestic. But there was one upon whose ear those notes struck, first painfully, then like the pleasing recollections of past joys, as Ossian says, "Mournful yet delightful to the soul," and lastly, like a reality so true and still so mystical, that he hardly could tell whether or not he were in his senses.

That one was Jones ; and as the singer (who by the tone of voice must have been a female) became more and more warmly interested in her charming service, the exalted strains came up louder and tinged with language from the speaking soul.

Fearing lest he should betray some unbecoming sensations, for which, if asked, he could give no definite account, he begged an excuse, and wandered towards the prow of the ship.

Lecatt marked a trifling agitation in the conduct of his friend, but laying it to a common indisposition, he dismissed the impression.

Jones reached the fore-rigging, leaned his head between the "lanyards," and a sparkling tear-drop mingled with the ocean.

"It is a miracle," some would say ; "a freak happening contrary to the laws of regulated nature, for a man who had passed the meridian of life to shed a tear !"

Ah ! my young philosopher, "age, the mother of

reason," will teach thee wiser things. Tears bespeak not weakness, but strength of mind and purity of soul.

Jones felt a "great deal;" therefore he wept. Presently sensations gave vent to words, which came forth, if not regardless of the will, unquestionably they were not sanctioned by deliberation; for they were strange words, when viewing the place and outward circumstances. Not audible to any one but himself, he spoke:

"It is the same voice—the same sweet voice—the tune she has sung to me a thousand times! It must be Matilda's! She may be alive; and I know that was her singing. If I could believe that it were she, I would this moment seek her out and make myself known. But should it not be Matilda, then would I suffer for my presumption, and disgust would crown my mistake. No! I will not risk the chance. I will try to smother the risings of false hope, until I have the opportunity of judging correctly, and an unmistakable assurance that I am right. I will bear the torture—"

He was about to continue, when a passing sailor thus accosted him:

"Hallo! old feller! what you praying about here, eh?"

"I am unwell," replied Jones, very shortly, not at all admiring the rough, uncivil salutation of Jack. Yet, considering the risibility of men of this class of individuals, and thinking that a chat with him would not be deleterious to his composure, he turned his head for that purpose, instantly recognizing and being re-

cognized by the very identical person that had, =  
another well-remembered hour of anguish, broken ~~in~~  
upon his private musings.

"By my stars!" exclaimed the sailor, "if this isn ~~it~~  
my old chum, Amos Jones! 'By the livin', old fe ~~llow~~  
ler, how is it that you are always on your beam ~~ends~~  
ends?"

"Because I believe that you are my evil genius ~~because~~  
since you never visit me save when I am in trouble. ~~because~~

"Come, now, haul in your sauce and talk like ~~a~~  
man, or I shall begin to feel just like smashing in ~~your~~  
your top-lights."

Taking a squint at his old friend, and no doubt ~~being~~  
being satisfied that a great change had taken place in  
his bearing, he continued :

"Look-a-here ; I begin to think that this an't my  
old Jones what used to go it so on a spree, when the  
lads would all get a wee bit too much of the 'over-  
joyful' aboard, and couldn't make headway until a  
watchman took 'em in tow."

"Indeed," replied Jones, "I am not the same. I  
am changed in heart, Renalds—completely changed.  
You look upon me as though you did not understand.  
Well, I will be explicit. When I saw you before,  
Renalds, I was a vile, unhappy sinner, wandering  
carelessly upon the brink of the precipice of hell.  
Since then, I have relinquished all that contaminates  
the soul and degrades the principles of man. The  
rum-shop charms no more. The fatal wine-glass  
meets not again my lips. The name of God I use only  
in prayer, and then I dare not use it sacrilegiously. In  
a word, I have learned to live as a man should, and

not grovelled in infamy and debauchery, for these few latter years, the best spent of my whole life. Now, good shipmate, do you blame me?"

"Golly! why, no, I don't see how as I can; though by my old tarpaulin, I should have guessed you were the last man this side of 'Davy Jones's locker,' that would have become so go-to-meeting-afied. Come, please tell me why you left us, and where have you hung up all this while?"

"Well, to answer your first question, Renalds, I did not from choice make a ship's forecastle my home—far from it. But in an hour of extreme suffering, to escape the excruciating torments of injured feeling, I suffered myself to be forced by you on board a ship, a drunken outcast from society. Thirty years and more, I lived the life that you now follow, ashamed to be seen of respectable people, with many of whom I once was conversant; till fully awakened to a knowledge of my depraved condition, when I in shame turned my back upon those intemperate pleasures which poison man's moral constitution, and sought the richer, sweeter enjoyments of experimental Christianity. To your second interrogation I thus reply: I have been passing my time all but as a hermit. In a small cot by the side of a creek, the most beautiful that my eyes were ever permitted to behold, with an old African woman, the best of her race, and a flock of sheep, I have found more real contentment in that lowly capacity, than I ever knew on board the finest ship whose deck I ever trod."

"And turned preacher, too!" exclaimed the surprised sailor.

"No; not exactly a preacher, either, Renalds. — man may be a Christian and not a preacher."

"Now, as to that, Parson Jones, by all the joll[ies] sons of Neptune, an't I jest as good a Christian man as you or any other mortal? Wasn't I born in Christian country, nothin' else but old England's? this 'oss isn't a good man, then say Renalds don't know any thing about it."

"But, my dear friend, the fact that you were born in an enlightened land does not at all make you, in a technical point of view, a Christian. A slave may be brought up in the house of a peer, and yet be none the freer by it."

"Look ye here, Amos Jones, you have learned too high dic for me. The old devil has been getting a double bowline about your 'top knot,' and has changed you from a good old 'Jack Tar' to a land-lubber, clod-hopper, spirituality man. Well, well, by my skylights, I never would have thought it; no, not if King George himself had told me so."

"Ah! poor Renalds," sighed Jones, "I fear the time for your return to God has well-nigh transpired. May that same God who taught me to fear and love him, bless and save you."

The voice of the mate calling, "Eight bells; star-board watch, ahoy!" warned the sailor that his turn for sleep was at hand, and called the attention of Jones to the gray shadows of twilight as they fell upon the sea, while a few of the largest stars looked down upon this little, drifting, lonely world.

The conversation into which he had been coërced, had its salutary effect in wearing away the darkness

of the occasion, but enough of the perplexity yet remained to keep him restless until bed-time.

Though years had passed and flown, he knew not how; though the locks that grew about his manly brow were hoar with age's winter, and his once fair visage scarred and rough, yet memory was still the same—fresh and green as, when a youth, he for the first time heard a voice so similar to the one which lately had aroused thoughts in his brain, conjectures that for “many a returning autumn” had lain dormant and mouldering in his skull.

Impressed with the sensibility that the few last days of his life had occasioned, he made up his mind not to leave the ship until perfectly gratified respecting the cause of his excitement.

With such thoughts burning vehemently in his head, he sought Alonzo, who was yet in merry sport with his new and friendly companion, Lander, and saying a cheerful good-night to Lecatt, who was also in search of his charge, he retired to his sleeping-place, weary with the workings of his distressed imagination.

## CHAPTER XII.

"THE spell is broke, the charm is flown !  
Thus is it with life's fitful fever ;  
We madly smile when we should groan ;  
Delirium is our best deceiver.

" Each lucid interval of thought  
Recalls the woes of nature's charter,  
And he that acts as wise men ought,  
But lives as saints have died—a martyr."—BYRON.

THE fair, welcome goddess, "Aurora," shook her streaming locks of yellow gold, and rising in all her queenly beauty, streaked the east in crimson rays, while the "stars grew pale, and wandering far, sank slowly to the west." Soon old Sol, dipping his ruddy head in the "briny blue sea," in all the majesty of a king came up from behind the rippling horizon, and commenced his daily course.

The billows as they rolled, glittered like diamonds, and heaved in solemn grandeur, moved by that "all-mighty Hand which guides the wind and wave, and holds as with a bridle the howling tempest."

A serenity seemed to sit upon the face of nature as sweet as the first fond smile of a fair young bride. Heaven appeared to look propitiously upon those few mortals who were journeying in a frail bark across the "dreary, pathless waste of waters."

The first bright morning which broke upon a sinless world, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," and new creation, fresh from the hands of its great Builder, began its vast career, could not have greatly exceeded the resplendent glory that proclaimed the Master's praise on this unclouded morning.

Long before the sun had left his "ocean bed," Jones, awakened by the trampling of the morning watch as they paced to and fro, scrubbing the decks and swaying up the sails, (duties that are always attended to in the morning,) arose from his berth and came to the deck, feeling much refreshed from his night's rest, and exhilarated by the balmy sea-breeze.

The regular routine of ship ceremony performed, breakfast served, (which invariably takes place at seven and a half bells, or half-past seven o'clock,) and the accustomed watch set, Jones, now accompanied by Alonzo and the residue of passengers, assembled in groups, some on the quarter and some abaft the foremast, from cabin and steerage, in order to entertain themselves, each according to his own taste, and to beguile the tediousness emanating from a long sea passage.

In the interim, a lady, wearing the impress of years, mingled with deep care and long-past affliction stamped indelibly upon her face, and observable in the tell-tale eye, approached Lecatt, who respectfully bowed, and proffered a seat, at the same time inquiring of her health, appropriating the familiar name, mother.

Jones, who was but a short distance off, with marked



peculiarity scrutinized every feature of the lady; and although there was some attractiveness proceeding from certain qualities, yet, as a whole, he could not for his life believe that the being before him was either his once-happy Matilda, or even the author of the music which had touched his memory with a "finger of fire," although he had been informed of the last-named fact by Leander, who "betimes" had that day paid a morning visit to his new acquaintance, the object upon which his waking and sleeping thoughts were concentrated.

Can a man forget his wife? Can time efface from the tablet of mental retention the miniature of a countenance so dear as the only real bosom friend and unchanging companion of man—his wife? Can a mortal being so alter as to entirely fall below, or arise above, the image created by the camera-obscura of the soul of a true and devoted husband? These are interrogations which Jones put to his understanding one by one in quick succession, and without one single shadow of doubt, answered each with a decided negative. Whether correct in his conclusions or not, it is improper here to state; but in due season the mystery will be brought to light.

Now assured that his hopes had no foundation, and angry with himself for permitting his mind to yield to such slight indications of truth, he at once dismissed the last particle of curiosity, and relaxed once more to his former state of cheerfulness and self-possession.

Alonzo, who had been conversing with the sailor in the fore part of the ship, now came forward, and being met by Leander, was led up without any ad-

before the lady, who looked down upon them, and exclaimed :

“My soul ! what a likeness !”

“This is my friend, grandmother, that I talk so much about,” said Leander.

“And I wager, my son, that he is as near your equal in every thing as any other boy in the world. Also, from what I have heard your father say, I am not the least uneasy as it regards his character, for I am sure that one so like yourself, my dear son, can not be malicious in disposition.”

“I wish he were my brother, grandmother, for then he could not leave me when we get to the city. Alonzo says that he must leave me when we get to London.”

“He can remain with you and not be your brother either. Your father will (if you can prevail upon Alonzo to stay) take Mr. Jones and your friend to live with him, and you shall always have his company,” said the good grandmother.

“Oh ! dear Alonzo ! will you not ? Yes, I know you will go with me. Oh ! I am so glad !” shouted the happy little boy.

“Then I would never see my mother again—would I ?” tremblingly inquired Alonzo.

This question was so innocently asked, that the lady hardly knew how to answer it. Leander, however, quickly put in :

“Grandmother is a good woman ; she will be your mother. She is my mother since the other mother died.”

The lady brushed away a tear, and replied :

"It is an impossibility, my dear child, to find your mother now. It is highly probable that she has left New-York ; in fact it is a certainty, unless the letters which your foster-father wrote were intercepted. Nor is that the only obstacle ; the present state of affairs between France and England is such, that the danger of travelling is very great, so much so, that we even now are not safe from an attack of the enemy. Be satisfied, Alonzo, and, as Leander said, I will be a mother to you."

Alonzo did not reply, but a tear, big with feeling, rolled down his cheek, speaking volumes of sadness. Leander saw the woeful expression depicted in the countenance of his friend, and put his arm around his neck, and whispered :

"Don't cry, Lon ; please don't cry ! We will be kind to you. I will call you cousin ; love you like a brother, and when we get to school, you will forget your first mother."

"What !" said Alonzo, "I forget my mother ? No, no ; I will try to be happy for your sake, because I think you love me ; but I never can forget my sweet mother while I live."

The lady, to divert the serious mood of Alonzo from its painful situation, told them to go look for the gentleman, and inform Mr. Lecatt that she wished to see him in the cabin ; whereupon they readily obeyed, and shortly afterward Amos Jones was amusing them with stories about the flying-fish, which they saw in great numbers, ardently making use of their short wings to escape the hungry jaws of half-a-dozen active dolphins.

But there seemed to be nothing that could for more than a moment keep cheerfulness aglow in the bosom of Jones. Sad thoughts there were which, despite his utmost exertions, could not be withstood. He was a poor man, hardly able to provide for himself, and, to make the matter worse, fortune had thrown upon his humble charity a dependent orphan, whom he had pledged himself never to discard while he had the means to support.

He thought of Aunt Amie, who, when he left home, never for once cherished an idea of the unhappy position to which the hand of Providence had consigned him, was too old long to take care of herself, and for whom he had made provision only to meet her demands for a few weeks. He knew of no one in Virginia that would act the part towards her which he had and would, therefore he shuddered to think of her sufferings. Add this to the stern fact, that in a few weeks he would be landed in the great city of cities, London, with a helpless boy, without a home, without money to procure one, and without the wherewith to purchase food for any length of time, and you may conceive sufficient reason for distress of mind and depression of spirits. His sheep, also, his greatest wealth, without a shepherd to feed and protect, would wander away, be stolen, and die of neglect.

These, indeed, were surmises as bitter as wormwood, and as sharp as a dagger's point. An inauspicious fatality was settling upon him, when the familiar voice of one (we say familiar—yes, the voice of a stranger, when employed to alleviate our suffering condition, soon, how very soon, it falls upon the ear in tones of

sweetest affability) who had stepped in the place of a friend in this most needy time, like a sudden light in the midst of pitchy darkness, chased away the shadow and struck a sunbeam to his heart.

"My dear, unfortunate friend," said Lecatt, "I know and feel the pain of mind to which bad luck has made you a sufferer, therefore I offer consolation; I am a person that looks upon every change in life, whether of a disagreeable or gratifying nature, as a blessing from our Creator, provided we do not omit duty or commit sin, thereby bringing down upon our own heads the 'not intended' calamity. Your case is bordering upon peculiarity, and the likeness as well as congeniality of our two boys, striking beyond the mere likelihood of chance, so much so, that my mother-in-law, in common with myself, has, for the consideration of your misfortune and mutual affection of Alonzo and Leander, formed a plan which, if consonant with your wishes, will lessen your embarrassment, and, I sincerely hope, contribute no little to your present and future well-being."

Such words as these, spoken to a man who felt like our uneasy friend, were strange, ay, almost incomprehensible. In fact, so many events of extraordinary character and unforeseen tendencies had of late transpired, alternately, (it might be said, without interruption,) involving him in every sensation of which man is liable, that his mind, though strong, was unable to keep steady. And to doubly mystify the whole matter, the lady, also, who in some respects reminded him too forcibly of Matilda, while contrarieties utterly eclipsed the feeble hope, she had shown uncommon

sympathy for a poor orphan that fate had thrown upon the billows of this sometimes too careless world.

Thought after thought beat upon his brain, while in a gaze of blank astonishment he suffered Lecatt to proceed.

"I have, with economy and assiduity, the only effectual, honest means whereby a man may, got together enough of 'this world's goods' to live upon in independence and worldly ease the remainder of my life, which I fear is not very far from its close.

"My wife, whom I married in the West-Indies, died about two years ago, and my mother-in-law becoming disquiet in the colonies, persuaded me to remove to England, in which realm she claims a birthplace, and formerly many endearing connections.

"My child, the object upon whom I have bestowed my greatest earthly love, I intend to place at the best institutions of learning; and seeing that he has become firmly fixed in friendship with your adopted son, I desire that they be not separated; but on the other hand, that you accompany me to a mansion that I have already purchased, and there reside while the boys are sent to school, where they, as brothers, shall share every advantage alike."

The feelings of the listener were so greatly affected at this unsurpassed example of generosity, that he spoke not, while tears more eloquent than speech trembled in his eyes, and his hand grasped earnestly that of his benevolent friend.

"Your kindness, sir," at length he said, "your kindness bewilders me. When first I stood upon this deck a poor shipwrecked traveller, in the midst of strangers,

you came forward in that hour of distress and proffered your heart and hand, Samaritan-like, for my relief. Since then, though unworthy, I have been permitted to share your sociableness, and lastly, to crown all, you offer me and mine protection and a home. Sir, gratitude is the only compensation that I am able to bestow ; nor shall that be sparingly contributed while I live."

"My worthy friend," replied Lecatt, "were I to perform acts of kindness for the sake of either the praises of men or any earthly reward, then would I not be a Christian nor a man towards my fellows. Nay, far be it from me to do good with the selfish view of exacting the last penny from a sufferer, for in that case, where would be the virtue of the action? I consider to exercise the part of a brother towards all men, is a duty obligatory and imperative, enforced by the command and life of a Saviour who never saw a penitent in want and passed him heedless by."

As may be expected, Jones did not disagree to the proposition of Lecatt, who, though a philanthropic man in a true sense of the word, had besides another impetus in this work of charity.

Conversation soon after was brought to a close, and the two separated for the night ; one feeling peaceful from a source of having conferred happiness, and the other considerably elated by the reception of it.

Alonzo, after being gently expostulated concerning the hopelessness of again finding his mother, became after a little while resigned to his fate.

A sudden illness of the grandmother, which at first appeared simple, gradually augmented until her life

as despaired of. But with good attention, the sickness abated, and she was convalescing when the ship, under full sail before an eastern gale, dashed gayly up the well-known Thames.



## CHAPTER XIII.

"O THOU dead

And everlasting witness! whose unsinking  
 Blood darkens earth and heaven! What thou now art,  
 I know not! but if thou seest what I am,  
 I think ~~thou~~ wilt forgive him, whom his God  
 Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul. Farewell!  
 I must not, dare not touch what I have made ~~thee~~."

BYRON'S CAIN.

AGAIN, patient reader, we find ourselves on the beautiful peninsula of Virginia. We say beautiful, because there is scarcely any spot of the western continent that can compete with this in finery of situation and elegance of scenery.

The land is about twenty miles in width more or less, bounded upon one side by the Chesapeake, and upon the other by the Atlantic, whose billows roar along and break in perpetual grandeur upon the eastern coast.

Its ocean scene is one of singular interest. To an observer, as far as vision can penetrate, the blue waters are spread out in one vast sheet of limpid brine. At a great distance, just above the horizon, is seen the stately steamer and cloud-like ship, resembling spirits of ocean, bound upon their dangerous missions. Here,

does a certain passage in the book of Job occur to the memory, in all its beauty and truthfulness :

‘Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb? When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling-band for it, and brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said : Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be staid.”

Such a prospect as this, to the eye of one whose birth-place has assigned him to regions much less inviting, would be a soul-cheering sight. Yet there are some who inhabit such places, that can gaze unmoved upon these wondrous works of “nature’s God,” from the fact that, being born and bred among them, they appear as familiar and uninteresting as the fields they till.

But time, so precious to us all, is passing stealthily and rapidly by, compelling us to leave incomplete the purposed description, and points us to the promised task.

Jones was gone. Aunt Amie, lonesome and sad, returned to the house.

She had never lived alone, nor did she at all desire to do so now ; but it was “massa Jones’ will, and not her own.”

Not on account of a fear of punishment, but for the love of obedience, (so rarely found in those of her color,) which her master’s kindness had excited in her not altogether insensible breast.

Night came down darkly around the cottage of the absent fisherman, and the old woman, imitating the

example of Ham's progeny, began to be afflicted with that incurable misfortune which belongs to the uneducated, namely, "superstition," and she felt a gloom oppressive and frightful settle upon her.

Her apprehensions increased with the accumulating darkness, until her imagination was wrought up to such a pitch, that she came to the conclusion not to go to bed at all, but sit up in the corner and nod over a few coals till daylight brought relief.

Strange to say, the trembling expectant of an appearance of a ghost, was not long to be kept in suspense, by the coming of Vansant, the Dutchman, who had been out that day upon a gunning excursion in the bay, and being detained until nightfall, had mistaken his way, and sailed up the Onancock instead of Pungoteague, the creek on which Manchester Scarborough resided ; there being so minute a difference between the outlets of the two, and so near each other, that it was an easy matter to be confounded, especially a person like Vansant, who had just enough experience in nautical science to be classed under the sailor-made phrase, "a green-horn."

Observing that he had made false calculations, and the night being very dark and chilly to the external feelings of one whose clothes were completely saturated, he thought it best to land ; and seeing the glimmer of Aunt Amie's light as it shone through a little window, he hastily made fast his boat, and arriving at the door, gave it several hard knocks.

This startled the old woman not a little, and believing it to be the reality of her fancy, she crouched lower

in the corner, maintaining a dead silence, only interrupted by the beating of her own heart.

"I ses, won't you lets me cum in, I is so freeshing to teff?" plaintively spoke the Dutchman, whose uncommon brogue added much to Aunt Amie's fears, while she shook with horror indescribable. She knew it were useless to shriek for aid, as no person lived near enough to hear.

In the frenzy of her mind, she bethought herself of an old "saying," which, she had been told, if repeated in the presence of evil spirits, they would instantaneously depart, and was nearly through, when the Dutchman (who, by the by, was not the most patient man alive, when pinched a little by the cold) roared out:

"I ses, I wants to went in. Who dos you live here, te devil or te man? If te human, den open de door and lets me in; but if te tevil, den tells me so, and I shall see who is te pest mon."

This was too much for the old lady. She could not bear to be called a devil; so she pulled up as much courage as possible, and replied:

"I is no devil, nor is I a man——"

"Vell, vhat ish ye den, a jackass?"

"No, sir, nuffin but a poor innocent old black woman, who never did any harm in all her born days."

"Vell, den, if you bees te nigger, lets me come in, for I won't hurt you, old wench."

"Tell me who you be first, or you don't get under dis roof not very soon," said Amie, growing bolder fast.

"I is a man what hab got lost, and wants to stay mit you to-night; I am so wet and so freeshing."

Amie, who was a kind human being, when in her proper senses, could not think of barring her door upon a man in distress; so she got up, and raised the latch, when Vansant, almost chilled to death, came tumbling in over the threshold to the fire-place.

The old woman hobbled out, and soon brought in some wood, and he soon had the satisfaction of feeling pretty comfortable.

Presently looking around, and considering awhile, he asked :

"Ish not this te house of Amos Jones?"

"Yes, sir," said Amie.

"Ish te mon at home?" he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"No, sir; massa Jones is gone away to carry the little boy to his mammy, that he found along the bay shore."

"Den me ish glad, for I don't much like him. Now dat is shoust de truth."

"What! you hate my massa Jones? If I had a known that, you never would have poked your ugly head in this house, you——"

"Hush, hush up, you old plack vench! I didn't say any thing pout your old man vat was any harmful. He ish a goote mon, I guess," said Vansant, aware of the error of his speaking a little too quickly.

"Look-a-here, mister, if you say any thing else about my massa Jones, I will beat you clean out dat door with this poker. Now you had better believe it, too," she emphasized, as she raised the article referred to, rolling her white eye-balls in a menacing manner.

"Vell, vell, if you will tells me von ting, I will say

no more pout te mon. Ish he named Jones or he named Scharborough, which of the tother?"

"His name is Amos Jones, and you must not talk it any more, sir, or I'll show you how to walk out a here."

"I tought Monchester vash a fool pout nothing. He was 'fraid old Jones vash him brudder," said Vansant, in an under tone.

Not a great while from this, Amie was snoring in the corner, and Vansant stretched upon a pallet before the hearth in sound slumber. Daybreak peeping through the small window of the cottage, called him from his hard bed, and yawning, he scrambled to the fire-place, and scratched among the ashes for a live coal to light his pipe with. Placing his hand upon the mantle-piece, it accidentally hit against the picture which belonged to Alonzo, and which they had neglected to carry with them.

Ever prone to commit some crime, and Amie still asleep, without making the least noise, he slid it into his pocket and departed.

He had nearly reached home, before the idea occurred to him to examine the stolen property. He took it from his pocket. It was a small casket, very simple, and apparently valueless. He opened it. His face turned pale, his hand trembled, and the picture like to have fallen from his grasp. It was a true representation of the face of Matilda Scarborough! As he held it before him, hardly giving credence to his own eyesight, it seemed to look upon him in silent reproach.

He was unmistakably gazing upon the image of a

being whom he had deeply wronged without a shadow of excuse.

The petitions for mercy which she had offered, the heart-rending cries, the flowing tears, and complaining looks, that would have affected stones, much less a human heart, appeared before his disturbed imagination, and rang afresh in his ears.

The widowed wife ; the orphaned child ; the wretched husband ; the murdered servant ; and the aged father, whose death he had prematurely brought on, appeared all to rush upon him to take signal vengeance, while a heavy throbbing pained his heart and convulsed his fiendish bosom.

But alas ! the heart that had long been a home for villainy, was too old to recant now, and it retained these impressions only for a passing moment.

Years of crime and unremitting transgression of the laws of God and man, had so steeled his conscience, that the barbed arrows of conviction, though shot from a stiff bow, and directed by an experienced archer, fell repulsed and blunted at his feet.

The first emotion of surprise subsided, he exclaimed :  
"Matilda Scharborough, as I live ! I'll shbet dat Amos Jones is no toder than her husband ! Vat a dishcovery I have found out ! I tought he vash gone under before dis. Vell, vell, Monchester vos wight bout tinkin it be him brudder. Vat will he say ven I shows him dis ?"

Having finished his remarks, he replaced the picture, and again paddled homewards.

When arrived there, he did not wait long before he presented to Manchester's "wonder-struck eyes" that

which had awakened a thousand unpleasant reminiscences in his own mind, and wonderfully did it operate upon him.

The certainty that it was Matilda's likeness, engendering the probability that his brother yet lived, and had been for many months a resident in the same neighborhood, aroused him to a state of agitation not easily described. The supposition, also, that he would soon return, and, if so, in the course of time (if he had not heretofore) recognize him, while the position of his affairs forbade a removal, were considerations of momentous import. A momentary relief came with an interruption from Vansant:

"Vy did you come away from England? I told you that Worbert would never go there any more. You might have lived there until 'ternity and never been 'sturbed by that confounded mon."

"Retribution follows the guilty," thought Manchester while he replied:

"I was not so sure of that, though; and impressed with such a belief, fearing that if he had not gone beyond the limits of the kingdom he might possibly hear of the old man's softness, and be led to believe (as really was the case) that his full share of property had been left him, in which event he would have returned and frustrated my plans, before they had come to maturity. Therefore I proved my brother's death, acted accordingly, and came hither to live and die concealed in the wilds of this new country, never for once thinking to meet him here."

"I vish dis very hour he vosh whare Matilda is, for I tink that she is clean clear gone. And I'll shbet



that if the ~~carp~~fisher had been away, he'd a gone there as quick as lightning."

"Vansant," said Manchester more seriously than the former had ever before heard him, "I have never seen a happy moment since you stole Robert's wife, and I begin to feel now, that I caused something to be done, which I ought not. And when I look at your gray hairs and mine, I can't help thinking that we are both going down to death unprepared. Now I would not have you shed that innocent man's blood."

"Te tevil!" exclaimed the Dutchman.

"I have almost come to the conclusion," resumed Manchester, paying no attention to the angry scowl that sat upon Vansant's countenance, "to make myself acquainted with this Amos Jones, and if he is my brother, (as he is not advised of the part which I took against him,) I will inform him of our father's death, conveying at the same time the idea that he 'passed away' as he lived, a most bitter enemy to him, and therefore left me his entire estate. Furthermore, in order to lull a little more the uprisings of conscience, I will offer him a home and a comfortable living. Then I think I shall be better prepared to die."

"Monchester!" ejaculated Vansant, "I tink you are te bigger fool than I tought. Do you tink that Gott will forgive you now? You tink that Worbert ish as tickheaded as yourself? He no be acquainted mit your actions? Ha! ha! ha! Now I tells you vat, Monchester, it is no use to look sour and squallish, not a pit. I ish interested in this game myself, and I am not willing to trust to Worbert's ignorance—no, not I. So I tells you if you makes yourself known to him, I

will turn—ah ! I will turn State's hevidence, and show to the world vat sort of a critter Mishter Monchester Scharborough is."

On a former occasion Vasant had sworn to betray him if he gave him the least affront, so Manchester knew full well the meaning of those words and the frightful look of the speaker, and desiring rather to die guilty than live exposed, he was silent while the other, with loud imprecations, left the room.

Now that age was creeping apace upon him, and since his ill-gotten wealth failed to give the rest of mind that he sought, Manchester Scarborough began to feel the vanity of earthly prospects and earthly honors, and was finding out when too late, that "the way of the sinner is hard." But as contrary as the north is to the south, was his idea of Christianity like that which is taught in the New Testament Scriptures.

His was the religion of the Pharisee who hoped to gain heaven and eternal glory by his own merits and righteousness ; in which case he would have fallen far short of justification. In other words, he knew nothing of real experimental godliness, the vitality of the Gospel ; and the "new birth" in his estimation was not only nonsensical and ridiculous, but an utter impossibility.

This doctrine, the leading principle of Methodism, he had heard from one of that sect, which then was like the lone star of Bethlehem, small but transcendently luminous, scarcely visible above the horizon, but destined to grow in size, and spread until the whole earth should be lit up with floods of hallowed fire. Upon this denomination he hurled the most

bitter anathemas, and upon its members he let fall a withering frown as black as a thunder-cloud, with much contempt as did the presumptuous rulers of Jews when they arrayed themselves in judgment against the meek and lowly Son of God. Yet there was one of his own family—Mary, his lovely daughter, who dared to oppose him, and without considering the consequences, to raise her puny arm in the defense of truth.\*

The absence of Jones, however, finally lulled the commotion which had arisen in the Scarborough family, and peace reigned for awhile on the shore of Onancock.

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\* The reader may here inquire the cause of Manchester's harshness to so young a child as Mary, and though we dislike to have too many questions in a work of this kind, yet it is proper (as it may be required) to answer the question.

His first wife whom he married in England, dying some fifteen years after his removal to America, he married again, and was the father of the two children heretofore described, the only ones that he ever

## CHAPTER XIV.

'SHE gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,  
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,  
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew;  
And kept her heart serene within its zone."—BYRON.

"His high broad forehead, marble fair,  
Told of the power of thought within;  
And strength was in his raven hair—  
But when he smiled, a spell was there  
That more than strength or power could win."

MRS. HALE'S VIGIL OF LOVE.

"TEN years" had passed since the departure of Amos Jones—fast, fleeting years to some—to others long, dark, and dreary.

Of the latter was Aunt Amie, who day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, had looked and longed in vain for the return of her old master. Still, he came not.

The old woman, hardly able to maintain herself, would not desert the cottage, or place it in the hands of others.

Faithful to her master's commands, she was fixed in purpose to remain there to the last; although but half-clothed and less than half-fed. The persuasion that he would never more return, could not be forced

upon her belief; and although with others, the probability even, was a dying spark, yet hope, big and bright, was daily and hourly cherished by her, that he would come again.

She was seated at her time-worn wheel, trying to spin a little wool that a good neighbor had given her. Her form was "bending towards the grave," her head was whiter than the fleece which she was twisting with her trembling hands, and her eyesight was growing dim. Looking up as if to rest herself, she saw with surprise a man, who was standing near the door on the outside, gazing with interest upon her, while a smile sat on his manly countenance, and his face, though sharp and pale, beamed with an expression that ever sends pleasure to the heart of the looker-on.

He was a Methodist preacher; and as he will figure conspicuously hereafter, we will now acquaint the reader with a description of his person.

At first sight, one would have guessed that thirty years had passed him by; yet upon a closer examination he would have more correctly surmised, that twenty-and-two at most, numbered the springs of his life.

Traces of hard mental exertion marked his physiognomy, while an elevated forehead, overjetting two dark gray eyes deep set in their sockets, bespoke a natural mind, capable of the highest state of earthly improvement and perfectness.

His hair was thin, barely thick enough to cover the skin of his head, carelessly falling down, straight, upon his neck, and here and there a few "blossoms of the

almond tree" might have been seen, the effect not of age, but of too close application of the mind.

His frame was slight and rather low; though so perfect in balance, that nothing seemed deficient.

Such was the person that had taken Aunt Amie by surprise, not so much on account of the repugnance of his intrusion, as strangeness of the individual.

As soon as he perceived himself observed, he relieved the old woman by speaking in a soft and easy manner, as follows :

"You appear to be very happily engaged, my old lady."

"I am bleeged to be, sir," she replied, and then asked the visitor to come in and be seated.

"I will sit down herè on the door-sill and rest a moment or two."

"But you will sile your coat, sir!" remonstrated Amie.

"Never mind that," said the young man; "the seat is quite good enough. Do you live here alone?"

"Yes, sir. I has bin living here by myself ever since Massa Jones went away, sir."

"How long has your master been gone?"

"Up'ards of ten years, sir, I think, sir."

"Where did he go to?"

"He said he was going to New-York; but the vessel got lost, so Miss Mary said; and though I can't believe dat Massa Jones is lost, I am afreed dat some bad people have got him and won't let him come home any more," said Amie, as a tear rolling down her cheek, told that Amos Jones was not forgotten.

After a short pause, the preacher, who seemed to be rather inquisitive, again asked :

“ Was your master a married man ?”

“ Not as I knows on, sir. Me and he has been living here all alone ; only I staid in the kitchen and he in here.”

“ But I heard you speak of Miss Mary ; who is she ?”

“ Oh ! dat am Miss Mary Scarborough, one of the goodest young ladies dat you ever saw. She comes to see me every month, and brings me something every time she comes. I is been looking for her these two or three days.”

“ Why is Miss Mary such a good lady ?” was asked in the same interrogatory manner.

“ Because she is not proud, and because she is kind to poor people,” replied the simple negro.

“ Is that the only reason why Miss Mary is a good woman ?” once more asked the almost tiresome preacher.

“ Well, no, sir. The main cause, according to my calkilation is, dat she is a ’ligious woman ; and you know, true ’ligion makes the worst people good.”

“ You speak very truly,” observed the preacher, “ and you might have said, that religion is the only thing which can make man or woman what they should be, in regard to goodness and every thing else. Do you ever have any preaching in this neighborhood, old lady ?”

“ Never since a great number of years, when a Methodist preacher from the norf, stopped here two or three days and preached in the woods. Massa Jones

got converted den and a great many other people also, but he is about the only one what held out.

"Dare be some sort of 'Piscopalians in the upper part of the county, and they have a preacher too; but he is too proud to preach anywhere else 'cept in the meeting-house, so black folks like me never gets in."

"Are there any of those sort of people down this way?"

"Yes, sir, there 'be a few—some good and some bad ones among 'um."

"Such is the case everywhere, and in all societies," said the gentleman, who had scarcely finished speaking, when the rustling of a lady's dress and a light footstep caused him to turn his head. Instantly he saw and was as quickly seen by a young and beautiful female, who from the suddenness of surprise, blushed deeply as she made a slight obeisance to the gentlemanly but somewhat embarrassed salutation of the stranger, whom we shall call Andrew Hall. Jumping into the cottage, she spoke to Aunt Amie, who in raptures of delight, exclaimed:

"My lor, Miss Mary, how glad I is to see you. I was afraid that you were sick, it has been so long since you were here afore."

To this the visitor made a common-place reply, and young Hall, seeing that his presence only created diffidence, with reluctance which he could not comprehend, walked away, not entirely ignorant of a quivering dart that the expert little archer, Cupid, had aimed with an unerring sight at his heart.

Some may think it incredible that a person at first sight should become attached to another; but those



who have experienced it, (and the examples are many,) know that such a circumstance does sometimes happen, and not unfrequently ends in a happy consummation.

Andrew did not think himself in love with Mary Scarborough, or by attributing his interest in her to the plain yet pleasing description that Aunt Amie had given him of her fair acquaintance. Still he felt, "he knew not why," a vacuum in his breast, that none but her could fill—an aching void as if his very life had gone forth, a wayward sprite, to return no more.

Time passed, and instead of obliterating the impression which the little affair before mentioned had wrought, it served to add more color and form, so that he retained with even more correctness, the sweet features of Mary Scarborough, than when he casually met her at the old woman's humble dwelling.

How was it with Mary? As soon as Andrew was out of sight and she felt free to speak in her accustomed openness and simplicity, she said :

"O Aunt Amie! do tell me who that was? He looks like a preacher, but appears to be very young. Do tell me, Aunt, who he is."

"I don't know, child, who he is, myself."

"How came he here? Do tell me something about him, if it is only his name."

"All that I can say, Miss Mary, is, I think he be a stranger from his looks. I never saw him before to-day; when I was at work, I looked up and he was standing there. I does not know where him come from any more than you knows."

"I think, too, that he is a stranger, and not a very ad-looking one, either; is he, Aunty?" Then the leaker felt her cheek slightly burn.

"Well, yes, child, he does look purty good, and lks a great deal better."

"Indeed, then you think he conversed like a gentleman, do you?"

"I don't know 'bout he being a gentleman, but he ked like a real good sort of a man."

Thus passed the afternoon, till Mary, fearing that : mother would be uneasy, hastened homeward, ndering who the stranger could be, and what had ight him to Aunt Amie's.

Historians affirm that the preaching of Whitefield l Wesley, the two celebrated divines, who are tly styled the fathers of Methodism, accomplished y little good in the Colonies. This, in part, may correct, and appears to be wholly so, when viewed a direct manner; but to say that the influence of ir labors here was not felt by society, would not y be a misrepresentation, but a flat contradiction the word of God.

They did kindle a spark, which though small at t, to the eyes of the world, flickered on and on, il the flame became large and steady, when it rmed the hearts of many, and won such a crowd of lous believers, that the breath of opposition, ind of extinguishing it, only fanned its glowing ls.\*

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See Life of Dr. Franklin and S. G. Goodrich's Pictorial History of United States.

Among those who had the pleasure of hearing, and wisdom to profit by the instrumentality of the former was Andrew Hall, a young and accomplished Englishman, a resident of Charleston, South-Carolina.

Impressed with a sense of duty, he left a home of wealth and affluence, and set forth alone and friendless to preach the "unsearchable riches of the Gospel of Jesus Christ;" and in his wanderings, came to the sea-girt peninsula of Virginia; and though a strict disciplinarian as well as a faithful minister; yet, if the writer may be allowed to digress so far, he was not in want of that signal virtue—love, which, when abused, (but never till then,) becomes the direst vice and bitterest curse that can befall the human soul.

Unwilling to remain inactive long, he informed the people, that a meeting for religious exercise would be held in a certain grove on the next Sabbath morning.

It was somewhat a new thing, and the news soon spread from house to house with remarkable rapidity; and though unpopular with some, the curiosity of the occasion created an excitement among all, so that rich and poor, high and low, black and white, all who could, were in "high glee" to attend the "Methodist Woods Meeting."

None knew, at least only a "favored few," who would be the speaker; but it was whispered that a young preacher was already in the neighborhood, and would, doubtless, officiate, with the help of a few women who professed Methodism.

Sunday morning, a beautiful Sabbath morning, broke upon the world, apparently diffusing its sacredness with its cheerful light. I love a Sabbath morn-

ing (if I may be permitted to speak for myself) above all other mornings. There seems to pervade a calmness so sweet, that heaven appears to condescend the sons of earth to favor with a small foretaste of its own glory and sacredness. Though a stranger to the fire-side and the loved ones of my first bright home, I feel, how oft I feel, when over the eastern hills the king of day comes stealing up, arrayed in his Sunday habiliments, the unexpiring influence of that long lost ocean home.

Yes, it was Sabbath morning in Virginia, old aristocratic Virginia, from whose breast the sons of liberty drew forth the essence of freedom, the lap upon which has been nursed the most consummate statesmen, and placed in the crown of literature as many diadems as any that the western world can claim. Although sneered at sometimes by her sister States, for her love and respect for primitive manners and customs, yet ever and anon from the sons of her soil is raised up a character upon whom the eyes of a wide-spread Republic are wont to look with admiration and esteem.

It was eight o'clock, and hundreds of people had already assembled beneath the arbory trees of the forest, awaiting the hour for preaching. The white part of the congregation were seated in front and the colored in the rear of a temporary pulpit that had been constructed in haste, only for the purpose of serving the present occasion. Mary Scarborough, escorted by her brother Lucus, came walking up the rough aisle, giving cause for many to wonder that Manchester, who was so mortally opposed to Methodism, should permit his children, especially his daughter, to

attend one of their meetings ; or that Lucus, the self-esteemed dandy, should condescend to accompany his sister. But to tell the plain truth, he had other ends in view than the mere desire to wait upon or please her.

It was not for Mary's sake that he teased his father until he gained permission for them to go. No ; but the correct reason was this : some months before, he had been thrown into the company of a lady of exalted qualifications, and not only that, but an heiress also, with whom he instantly became enamored, and to whom he had lately written an epistle expressing his ardent attachment.

Hearing that it was her intention to be present at this meeting, he was eager to be there himself, and his sister's wishes presented a prime excuse, while it was the only means by which he could sacrifice his own prejudice, or obtain his father's tardily-given willingness.

Procuring a seat for Mary, he turned off and walked out towards the road, looking anxiously for the coming of Mr. Upshire's coach ; for the object of his intense uneasiness was none other than our heroine, the fair and wealthy Mahalinda. Slowly and heavily wore each passing moment to the expecting lover, who, vainly hoping and watching, walked to and fro, his countenance changing and his heart throbbing to the rumble of every fresh carriage-wheel that passed the road ; but the one which he would have given a world to behold came not ; till worn out of all patience, with disappointment depicted in every expression of his face, he started back to the plac

where he had left Mary, with the intention to go directly home.

In the mean time, every rude seat, one by one, was appropriated. The large area of prepared ground was crowded with living souls. As yet, the speaker's stand was vacant, and the intervening time gave place to many doubts and perplexities; but presently an audible murmur seemed to shake the people, and a momentary disturbance called the attention of Mary Scarborough to the personage of Andrew Hall, who with a firm step mounted the "sacred desk." A blush suffused her cheek, and her heart beat faster at the sight, while she questioned the cause, almost persuaded that she had been attacked by some before unfelt malady. However, she quickly restored herself to equanimity and made preparations to give her entire attention to the exercises. After kneeling awhile in private prayer, the minister arose, and in a clear but solemn voice, began to read a hymn of praise. Stillness reigned in the midst of that vast concourse of people, only broken by the flowing numbers of the sacred poet, read by one whose earnestness of style gave life to the very words. Mary had listened to the refined and elegant instruments of music, used in her day, performed on by the most learned practitioners; she had in her walks often been beguiled by the wild, touching strains of nature, in the feathery songsters, the rippling rivulet, and the soft sighing of the summer gale; and she had heard with delight the most improved organs of men and women, but never had music so sweet and so enchanting fallen upon her ear. As an angel's song fresh from the ambrosial

fields of paradise, lifting the soul in heights of rapture indescribable ; so was wafted to her the voice of Andrew Hall. And when they knelt in prayer, when in a tone suited to his words, and tinged with tender plaintiveness, he supplicated a throne of mercy, her spirit melted under the impression, and for a while she thought that, though less than God, he must be more than man.

Then a stinging reproach, caused by the momentary reflection that she was worshiping the creature rather than the Creator—that she was committing idolatry in the very presence of God—came upon her, and in that hour of conflicting passion and piety she was constrained to whisper : “ Lord, I will love thee supremely, but thy servant next to thee.” Then she bit her thin lips, and thought again : “ What ! do I then indeed love a stranger whom I perhaps may never see again ? Is my heart so weak as to be drawn away after one whose acquaintance I can not even claim ? How unwisely have I permitted myself to act ! ” The prayer was finished, and Lucas, whose heart was ever ready to devise its own plans without regard to truth or affection, came with dejected appearance to his sister, and under plea of indisposition besought her to accompany him home. Without questioning his sincerity she yielded to his wishes.

After they had driven away, Lucas, to wreak his displeasure (the effects of disappointment) upon some object, thus began with Mary :

“ You seemed to be entirely carried away with that low-life Methodist preacher.”

“ I am sure that I was doing nothing more than any

one else," she calmly replied ; " nor can I see any reason at all why you should thus accost me, or find it in your heart to speak so disrespectfully of a man who never did you the least harm, or any person in the world that you know of."

" I know enough of all Methodists to apply the same words to any."

" Then you have no more regard for your sister's feelings than to call her so ; for you know that I am a Methodist at heart."

" Not if she is fool enough to become one," said the pettish brute of a brother.

Many replied with a tear only. The time had been, when she could with gentle words assuage his wayward temper ; but so rapidly had he grown in beastly malice lately, that seldom if ever she spoke a kind reproof. Every means available to her for his reformation was exhausted, and so hard had waxed his adamant heart, that she left him " alone with his idols."

During the afternoon of that same day, from and for what she never knew, though probably through the instrumentality of her brother, her father passed a veto upon the consideration of her ever attending a Methodist meeting again, on peril of being expelled from the family circle—a sentence which, though severe and unlooked for, was nevertheless received without any inordinary indications of grief or complaint ; yet she wondered with herself why the nearest earthly friends that she had could thus array themselves in unprovoked revenge to deprive her of the simple enjoyments of her innocent heart.



## CHAPTER XV.

"THERE be few, O child of sensibility !  
Who deserve to have thy confidence ;  
Yet weep not, for there are some,  
And such some live for thee :  
To them is the chilling world a drear and barren scene,  
And gladly seek they such as thou art, for seldom find  
they the occasion."—TUPPER.

"MARY, father says that the horse and chaise are at our disposal to-day ; so I think you ought to pay that long-promised visit which you owe to Mahalinda Upshire. Although I, unlike yourself, have only had the pleasure of knowing her a little while, yet I shall feel perfectly at home with Mr. Upshire, who appears to be particularly partial to me, considering the length of time that he has been acquainted with me ; and since I have no importunate business to attend to at present—or if I had I would defer it for the sake of pleasing my sister—no more favorable time can possibly present itself."

This was spoken in a most affectionate manner ; yet it was not sufficiently glazed with deceit to pass as genuine brotherly kindness with a sister that was too wise to be duped ; therefore she did not feel much inclined to answer, because the low-mindedness of Lucus made her heart sick within her. However, that

she might preserve peace to the very last, she gave her assent in this reply :

"I will go, Lucus ; but in so doing I feel confident that I shall gratify you more than myself."

"Who told you that I was so extraordinarily concerned about visiting the Upshire family ?" asked Lucus with a half-bashful smile.

"I only guessed it," replied Mary.

"Then you surmise that I love Mahalinda ; and consequently you infer that I would be pleased with her society ?"

"Yes, I am quite sure of it ; but come, we will talk about that some other time. It is now nearly eight o'clock, and you had better order the horses, or we shall not get there by noon." Thus saying, she ran up stairs so gayly that one would have been led to think that she had forgotten the young Methodist minister, her brother's late unkindness, and her father's severity. But it was not so. The likeness of Andrew Hall was yet mirrored in the depths of her pure heart, the monsterly craft of Lucus stung her bosom like the fangs of an adder, while her father's coldness like an icicle congealed the fountain of life.

Still, over all this misery she wore a smile and spoke in cheerful tones, the while she felt within her heavy soul—

"I am not happy when I smile,  
Or when my voice is gay ;  
For in my heart a sadness reigns,  
That steals my life away.  
The gayest song you hear me sing,  
Is but a dirge to me ;  
And when I smile I smother grief,  
Which none but God can see."

She wore a smile, but such an one as came not from the heart. It played about the countenance with a strange, wild glow, which a person not conversant with physiognomy would have attributed to excessive emotions of joy.

Lucus Scarborough, as has been said, was ardently in love with Mahalinda Upshire; and so blind and self-presuming was he, that he had never for once doubted a reciprocity on her part.

Indeed, so sanguine was he that already he had interrogated his father upon the subject of matrimony, and as the person of his choice was in every respect equal to himself, he met with a high commendation for his prudence, and a hearty welcome for the encouragement of his dearest hopes. This, joined with enough of egotism to make him think fully as much of himself as any body thought of him, add to which, a knowledge of Upshire's esteem for aristocracy, made him confident that his suit would be easily carried. In a word, it only now remained for him to secure the heart of the daughter herself, which his vainness informed him would be easily accomplished.

Harboring such ideas, he drove up to the door of Upshire's antique mansion.

Mahalinda, according to the familiar custom of Virginia hospitality, ran out to meet them, saluting Mary with a kiss; and then turning to Lucas, she proffered her hand, with a little reserve, that was entirely overlooked by her infatuated adorer.

The time until dinner passed off without any occurrence very interesting. Lucas and Mr. Upshire walked out in the fields, and the two girls were left alone in the parlor.

"When did you see Illnetta Bradford?" inquired Mary, who was not aware of the animosity existing between the fathers of the two girls.

"Not for a long, long time," said Mahalinda with a sigh.

"Since we all left school?" continued Mary.

"Only once," was the reply.

"Why, you are not as sociable as formerly?"

"I have very good reason," replied her modest companion; "and I will tell you all about it. On account of a long-standing difficulty between the two families, a breach which our forefathers made, mine, to keep up the dignity of his name, preserves the old grudge, and that accounts for the difference respecting Illnetta and myself. I would that it were otherwise."

"She is a very amiable girl," said Mary.

"I readily concur with your sentiments, while I lament the fate which makes us so necessarily estranged."

The last sentence was spoken in a tone of sorrowfulness, and as the present topic was not a very pleasant one, both parties relaxed into silence. Soon after, the dinner-bell called them all to the dining-room, where the service began and ended in a most desirable manner—Upshire kind beyond his usual deportment, and Lucus decidedly in ecstasies of delight.

Upshireville (the name of Mr. Upshire's residence) was situated upon a narrow neck of land, forming a small peninsula, a prototype of the two eastern counties of Virginia; bounded on one side by a creek, called Matchapungo, and on the other by the Atlantic Ocean.

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The whole of this neck, which was from seven to nine miles in length, and from one to two miles wide, of the richest soil in the State, belonged exclusively to the parent of Mahalinda. A continuation of this neck, formed by the source of the said stream, measuring in dimension nearly the same, though by far not so rich, composed the land property of Zepaniah Bradford, who, by the by, was not a very poor man after all. These two necks, that properly form but one and the same, have to this day retained the names of their former owners, as all who live near or who have visited the county very well know; and to make the distinction still more remarkable, a wide and deep ditch was dug by one of the contenders, from sea to river, with the intention of entirely cutting off by a canal the resources of the other, and although death caused a suspension of the work, yet to this day, now a century since, that ditch remains a monument to tell of deeds and days gone by.

Dinner over, another walk was proposed by Lucus to the creek shore, where nature had formed the most delightful grape arbors and best gravel walks in the ntrcouy. Mary, who seemed to be a pest to her brother, begged leave to be excused while she ran over to pay a flying visit to Illnetta, who only lived a short distance across the narrow wood which separated the two habitations. Lucus readily assented to this, and Mahalinda also, though with reluctance, at the same time charging her friend not to tarry long.

"Now is the time," thought Lucus, as his heart beat against its confines so heavily, that he fancied the lovely being by his side would hear its ponderous

throbs, "now is the time to secure the last link which makes my happiness complete."

Mahalinda was aware, from his excitement, of his intentions; therefore the following words fell not un-~~aware~~, if unpleasantly, upon her ear:

"Miss Mahalinda, you will please pardon me for intruding so abruptly upon your consideration—for introducing a subject of which you must be already cognizant—namely, the bestowal of your heart and hand upon the humble aspirer now before you; which boon I am flattered to seek with high hopes, since I have sought and obtained of your noble sire a full and satisfactory affirmation."

"What did you say, sir?" questioned Mahalinda, with a look that brought our before very hopeful young gentleman to a stand; "what did you remark sir, about my father?"

"Why, I said, Miss Mahalinda, that—that—your father had bestowed the hand of his daughter upon your humble servant, and I hope that you will not act more un—"

"Sir, did you have any license from me to that effect? Have I ever been so unguarded as to give you the least cause to aspire to my affection, much less had you a right to seek an interview with my father ere you had gained my esteem?"

"I fear, sir, that if I had before had any sympathy for you, this flaw in your conduct—not the mistake of an excited moment, not an error springing from false or an entirely neglected education, but, sir, a manifestation of a tyrannical disposition, that would manacle the free agency of a female, and force her to agree

to proposals framed in her absence, and frequently without her consent—would have nipped it in the bud.”

“But is it not a custom in these days, especially among the higher circles?”

“Then it is only such as you, sir, who make it habitual,” coolly remarked Mahalinda, as she turned away from Lucus, and walked down to the margin of the water, throwing pebbles with child-like unobtruseness, while Lucus, unable to move on account of surprise, stood paralyzed and silent. Never before had his impetuous temper met with such a repulsion; never had his pride been so humbled or his egotism so mocked.

He looked upon the fair, dignified form of the young woman, and for a while disappointments, keen-edged, lacerated his heart-strings and filled his brain with excruciating torture. Then came a resistless tide of malice and revenge, heating his blood to boiling and swelling his veins to bursting.

Gnashing his teeth like a mad man, with all the fury of a lion aroused to the uttermost degree of fierceness, he turned hastily away in the direction of Bradford's, leaving our heroine with her own thoughts, to await the return of Mary.

Meanwhile the latter had reached the object of her walk, and was being very agreeably entertained by her merry school-mate, when a visitor was suddenly announced; and in a few moments, Mary, with a deep blush that blended very favorably with the natural paleness of her countenance, suffered herself to be introduced to Andrew Hall.

Although the sudden intrusion of a visitor put a *finale* to the confidential chat which the two girls were carrying on, yet neither seemed seriously inclined to regret his coming; for while Illnetta received him as a friend and acquaintance, Mary, though trembling and uneasy, felt that in his presence she was secure.

An hour had elapsed, and Mary arose to take her departure. After embracing Illnetta, she proceeded to take leave of the rest; but when she came to Andrew Hall, instead of returning the slight bow of the fair girl, he asked her in an under tone, if she would permit him to escort her through the wood to her friends. Hardly knowing what she did, forgetting the malice which Lucus cherished for Andrew, and having no fit excuse to offer, she accepted.

Half the distance had been walked, and a silence oppressive to both appeared to seal their lips and tie their tongues; neither had yet spoken, though the young minister had evidently tried more than once. At last, however, with a voice so strange that he startled his very self as well as his companion, he spoke, while his knees smote each other at every step, and the words which he uttered seemed to choke him to suffocation:

“Mary! forgive me—I love you! not with a beastly passion, but with a pure and holy affection. I dare not ask you to share with me the toils and cares which are incident to the life I lead, for methinks that one of your worldly position would instantly refuse, if not jeeringly scorn the proposals of an union from a friendless, wandering preacher, and he a member of the most despised sect. Yet, oh! yet, Mary, dear



Mary, if I may so call you thus early, tell me that you love me—that you do not hate me, and I shall be happy to know that in Accomac there is a heart which beats only to number throbs with mine. Pardon me, Mary, for giving vent to such passionate language.”

“I have nothing to condemn but your haste, sir; therefore I have no occasion to dislike you, nor any thing to forgive,” said Mary, with thrice the boldness she expected.

“Thank, thank, thank you! Then I may be sure of your friendship, at least?”

“If that will suffice,” replied Mary.

“Yes; even that alone would, and shall make me happy a lifetime.

“Mary, thou art a stranger, yet the dearest object, save my God. Ever since I met thee at the old woman’s cottage, I have thought not half so much of any other earthly object; I have asked myself the question, and I have asked it of my God, when bowed in solemn prayer, ‘Is it a sin to love?’ and my conscience and my Bible, the only interpreters between my God and me, have declared that it is not only Jehovah’s will, but the surest road to virtue and contentment, when sanctioned by him. I can not find it in my heart to ask you to be a partaker of my hardships, Mary; no, no, the path I tread is by far too rough and thorny for thy gentle, tender feet; the sphere in which I move would chill thy heart and tear thy soul; I can not—will not ask thy hand; but willingly, ay, happily, beyond imagination, would I accept it when thine own choice bestows the boon.”

“You are very kind, sir; I may see you again. Lo!

my brother comes; you must begone, he dislikes you—farewell——”

“Not now, Mary—I can not leave you now; he sees us. Were I now to leave, his malice would have room for excuse.”

“Then you must prepare for a cool reception, for, if I mistake not, he is very much irritated from his looks. Yet, my dear sir, think not hardly of me on account of my brother’s conduct. I shall not forget you, nor will I ever recall any thing which I this day may have given. Forgive my brother, and——” and seeing him so near, she left the last sentence unfinished.

Hall would have replied, but, pondering too long upon the latter clause of his friend’s last address, he was confronting the angry brother before he was exactly aware of it.

“Mr. Hall, Mr. Scarborough,” said Mary, at the same time betraying the utmost confusion.

“I did not desire Mr. Hall’s acquaintance, Miss, nor did I hope to find you escorted by him,” replied Lucas, his brow wrinkling and his eyes emitting sparks of wrath, that made him resemble more a ferocious animal than a man.

“I trust, sir, that you may do her as little injury as I have,” said Hall, very calmly.

“Brother, Mr. Hall has not acted contrary to the province of a gentleman.”

“He is about as much of a gentleman as you are a lady, and that is —— little, in my estimation.”

“If you have no respect for yourself, do manifest a little for the sake of your unoffending sister,” said the

preacher, who now began to think that he was getting too deeply interested in the young girl's favor.

"Presuming villain! this insolence is more than I can bear! You shall yet pay dearly for this insult, you smooth-faced, Methodist rascal!" exclaimed the inflamed brother, as he turned away, followed by his weeping sister, and hurling bitter imprecations upon the head of the thunder-stricken minister, who sat down upon the roots of a tree and shed tears of remorse, when he thought of the wretchedness that he had brought upon the being of his first and only love—the virtuous and sensitive Mary Scarborough.

In vain did she ask her enraged brother to go back by the place where Mahalinda was waiting. In vain did she tell him that such conduct was not only uncivil and uncourteous, but unmanly and despicable. Like a maniac, with rapid strides he stalked in a direct course to Upshireville, his sister hardly able to keep pace, her cheeks marked with tears, and her very heart sinking within her.

Being some distance in advance, he had his horse hitched by the time Mary came up, and without giving her opportunity to bid Lady Upshire good-by, to offer any excuse for their abrupt departure, or to give an account of Mahalinda's whereabouts, he bade her get up, and following immediately himself, dashed away, not only to the consternation of the servant, whom he neglected to remunerate, but to the general perturbation of the whole family.

Mahalinda came soon after, and with some surprise learned the facts stated above, though the real cause was well known to herself. Her father, who was

pleased with Lucus, on account of Mr. Scarborough's wealth and aristocracy, gave her a severe reprimand for her deportment.

Long ago had he selected that opulent man's son as a fit companion for his only daughter. Years had been ripening and building up this idea, which, now the long-lived-for time had come for its consummation, must be frustrated by disappointment, and his long-established designs counteracted by the very one that he thought ought to have received them with ready approval.

This restraint to his sanguine expectations would doubtless have been serious in its effects, had not the sudden demise of Lady Upshire turned the tide of his feelings from anger to sorrow ; and as it left him with no crutch but his daughter upon which to lean his declining life, he soon forgot her disobedience, and learned to love her better than he had ever done before, though not well enough to grant her request of visiting Illnetta, for whom she still maintained a sister's warm affection. But there was one who had sworn never to forget or forgive the contempt which he had, as he thought, so unreasonably and so unprovokingly been forced to bear ; and he only waited for an opportunity in the which to perform the preconcerted plans of vengeance that formed themselves in his mind the moment he first felt the pangs of disappointed passion. He had naturally inherited all the meanness of his father, and all the intrigue of his father's accessory, of whom, it would seem, that he had taken lessons in villainy, and tuition in all that is base and unprincipled.

Had Mahalinda been aware that day with she was dealing ; if she had had a knowledge suitor's depravity, of the bitter enemy that securing, and of the sufferings and privation the doings of that day would have occasioned very probable that she would have acted with haste and more prudence, though such a proceeding would not have made the matter less objectionable for when a person is disposed to act criminally, deceit or lenity can in the end ward off the blow so far from being an advantage, it only adds to make the fire of satanic vengeance hotter.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"On! what a weak, inconstant world is this!  
Where every moment savors of despair;  
Where sorrow creeps in every cup of bliss,  
And every joy is sicklied o'er with care.

"When first we enter life's bewildered plain,  
Each varying pleasure seems to mock the way;  
But ah! how soon the lesson do we gain,  
And curse the short experience of a day."

THE young and inexperienced are too apt to look at the world and its inhabitants as a happy place for happy people. They think that life is all sunshine, and the hearts of their fellow-men as pure and as true as their own. They know nothing of the dark and dreary season that must succeed, or the rugged and uncouth pathway over which all must pass, between the cradle and the tomb.

Dear reader, have you forgotten the long, bright, sunny days of childhood? Do you remember the impressions which creation painted in such beautiful, glowing colors upon your imagination? How happy were you then! How you loved the world and those who composed your little sphere! Then you could not bear to hear of death; then you thought to be parted from the loved ones of your happy,

peaceful fireside, around which you were reared, would be the worst affliction that could possibly befall you. But oh! that affliction came; you were called forth to act upon the great, broad stage of life, and you bade adieu to the family circle. But perhaps you left of your own accord. May be the allurements of fortune beckoned you away. If so, although the trial was severe enough, you then know nothing of the sensations of a child, driven by its parents, those who ought under all circumstances to have protected and sheltered their offspring, penniless and friendless from the paternal roof. But you say: There are no cruel fathers; there is no parent so destitute of kindness and affection, as to send his child from his presence to perish.

You are sadly mistaken. There are not only thousands of human beings (if, indeed, they are human) who have been called, "Father," till their hair is gray, "whom," as the poet has said, "'twere gross flattery to call beasts," who are so enveloped in bigotry and detestable egotism, that when they are opposed in their narrow-minded views by their more enlightened children, they pour out the effects of their ignorance in savage cruelties upon them; but there are others, sunk still deeper down the valley of degradation, that would shrink not to take away that life which God gives to the fruit of his instrumentality.

These are facts bearing the impress of too competent evidence for them to be denied; while those alone, who have felt the influence of experience, really know its blood-chilling qualities, and they are called on to sympathize with the unhappy subject of this chapter.

ary Scarborough, though surrounded by evils and baneful inducements, grew up, nevertheless in quietness and seeming ease. Like all other children, her parents held the highest seat in her estimation. She looked upon them as beings of a higher order of excellency, especially her father, with whom, in her more incipient life, she was a favorite. Then her brother, though of a naturally rude and fierce temperament, on account of the close proximity of her sittings, seldom failed to yield to her kind advice. Thus she lived, to the time when first her young heart was led to aspire to love superior to the wavering and fluctuating passions of mortality; when, fearless of the consequences, she openly espoused the cause of the humble Son of Bethlehem. Then began to decrease the fond caresses of a devoted father; then her smiles, gentle and pliant, were mocked by her ill-bred sister, and naught but a mother's unchanging affection was left her, and that restricted to a narrow ex-

perience began to depart the joys of childhood; then, by and by, the visions which a simple fancy had created began to fade like mist of autumn before the light of the golden orb of day. Then the flimsy veil which divided the real from the imagined character of life, was rent in twain, disclosing scenes unlike the illusions of an infantile mind—unlike the broad fields of extended pleasure which appeared to the young imagination, like the loomings of the desert, promising rest, but furnishing none. Then the first tempest came heaving up her life's sky, casting dismal shadows over her pathway, shutting out the light of day, and



hurling prostrate and shattered to the ground the castle-work that years of tenderness had wrought. Then fell upon her unbruised soul, with preponderous weight, the heavy hand of adversity, crushing the rose that from infancy had tinged with healthful lustre her spotless cheek, and transforming the once fascinating but not deceitful smile into a forced and mechanical imitation.

But while life seemed to be falling resistlessly into a dilemma, from which there seemed no remedy or retreat; while not only every present joy, but every future prospect, poised on impatient wing, plumed for an eternal flight, while all her soul was full of sadness, and dearest friends looked cold and stood aloof, then, yes, then a "small still voice," whispering peace and consolation, sustained her failing spirit, and pointed to a haven of rest beyond the turmoils of earth, where the tempest-tossed find peace that knows no change, and bliss that can never be eclipsed.

Oftentimes, when cheered by these blessed hopes, would she sing :

"In trouble and in grief, O Lord !  
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;  
And joy has budded from each thorn  
That round my footsteps lay.

"The hours of pain have yielded good  
Which prosperous days refused ;  
As herbs, though scentless when entire,  
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

"The oak strikes deeper as its boughs  
By furious blasts are driven ;  
So life's tempestuous storms the more  
Have fixed my soul in heaven.

"All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot  
In other times may be,  
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief  
That brings me near to thee."

It was a cold night in the latter part of a dreary December. Snow lay frozen upon the rocky ground, and iron sleet fell scattering through the piercing atmosphere. The keen north-west wind moaned harsh and unfriendly among the stiff ungraceful arms of the forest trees. Darkness uninviting and oppressive, increased the dismalness of the prospect, and rendered the very thoughts of the picture appalling.

Yet, to feel more forcibly the impression which is desired, and to fully understand and appreciate the scene in all its attendant horrors, you must follow me from the warm fire-side to the snow-clad fields, where the raw wind cuts sharp like a knife, and the fury of the blast speaks bitter things. And, as you trembling grope your way, scarcely knowing whither to direct your course, or where to place your foot upon the treacherous ground, lo! a moan of distress and woe comes feebly to your ear, borne along on the pinions of the flying tempest. Oh! it is a piteous wail that strikes the tenderest chord of feeling, and loudly calls for sympathy.

You search about in the thick darkness till, behold! a sight that drives into forgetfulness your own sufferings, presents its dim outlines through the muddy gloom. There, seated on the cold sod, is a tender female form. Her hair hangs frozen about her neck and shoulders! Her dress is stiff with frost, and the thin shoes which cover her small feet are stained with blood.

A congealed tear-drop is fixed to either cheek, while the slender fingers of her left hand are frozen to the lids of a costly pocket-Bible. A slight but richly trimmed crape shawl closely wrapped about her yet graceful form, is the only superfluity of apparel that serves as a protection for her body, while a thin bonnet, torn by the rude winds, is the only shelter for her devoted head. Awhile, as if endeavoring to make use of the last feeble efforts of congealing nature, she moans earnestly yet despairingly for aid. Alas! the only reply that is borne back to her dull ear, is the mocking gusts of wind, that appear in this hour of anguish to assume the voices of mortals, and thus add hope, a cruel physician that keeps the wheels of life astir, to lengthen out the dying hour. Now, with stammering tongue, that almost fails to do its office, she prays! And in those trembling tones, though choked with torture inexpressible, you start with mingled surprise and doubt at the recognition of—Mary Scarborough!

Her father had driven her out into the wailing, winter tempest, wretched and forlorn, and forbidden forever her returning.

With the last small portion of remaining activity, as if the prayer that she had just uttered had already reached heaven, she made shift, with difficulty, to regain her feet; and as the last faint hope of life to a drowning man, so to her benumbed senses appeared the glimmering of a distant light. Slowly, and with tottering feet, she moved, creeping to the violence of the tempest.

Now and then her foot would strike against an ob-

stade, and nearly senseless she would find herself prostrate upon the ground. Then, urged on by the expectation that if she held out a little longer, she might be able to gain a place of refuge and comfort, she would arise bewildered, and for awhile search in vain for the friendly beacon.

While hope then sank flickering in the socket and grim death stared her in the face, she espied again her steady guide by whose benign rays she at last was conducted to the door of a small cottage.

Strengthened by almost supernatural power, she struck a rap upon the door, but no answer was returned to quell her eagerness, except a low murmuring groan that sounded like as if it were uttered by some agency beyond the powers or laws of nature. Commanding all her unexhausted abilities, she pressed hard against the door, and harder yet, until it yielded to the pressure, and flying open wide, discovered to her fainting reason the dwelling-place of Amelia Becket. Too confused to notice the figure of the latter stretched upon a scanty pallet of rags, in a corner next the fire-place, she crawled to the hearth, and being completely overpowered, sank into total forgetfulness.

Two days after the event spoken of in the preceding chapter, Andrew Hall was riding slowly along, on horseback, over the worst road in the vicinity of Onancock. It was nearly nightfall, and it promised to be one of intense severity. Snow had been falling all day, intermixed with a kind of hail or sleet, that is very common in Eastern Virginia. The ground had become so slippery that the most tardy pace was un-

certain and precarious. The distance over which our traveller had to go was so great, that he shuddered at the idea of being obliged to submit to the exposure of the congealing elements till a late hour of the night, and at every step the way became more and more difficult, while faster closed around the lone wanderer, the shadows of an approaching night of horrors.

He urged on his faithful animal which stumbled at every step, and wrapped more closely about his shaking body the well-worn mantle, already stiff and hard.

Now, his track turns from the plain highway, into a more dark and intricate swamp road, where even the horse on which he sits, is hidden from his vision. But he fears not the storm, howling furiously above his head among the cracking branches of the forest trees, nor the pitchy blackness that surrounds him; for like a good man of old, he could exclaim: "Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thy rod and thy staff shall comfort me."

But there are afflictions through which all must pass, no matter how pious their lives or how holy their walk. Human nature is so fraught with suffering, and so liable to sorrow and pain, that none escape the evils which await the footsteps of mortality at every narrow defile, and every unprotected point. In fact, ever since Adam's fall from his high estate in Paradise, man has been left to many misfortunes that are beyond his control. "Dangers stand thick through all the ground;" and although by the goodness and mercy of God, many are permitted to pass the waves of this troublesome world apparently with much more

ease than their fellows, yet it is not always his will nor our own benefit that we should be exempt from all evil.

Ere half the rayless path had been travelled, a slight rustling of the bushes on the way-side startled both horse and rider, and at the same time the dim outlines of a man emerged from the thick bushes, sprang forward, caught the bridle with one, and before the unfortunate rider could collect either strength or thought, he was hurled to the ground by the other hand of the highwayman. Such a sudden fall for a short while deprived him of his senses, but in a few moments the gruff voice of the villain standing over him, helped to restore him to a knowledge and a consideration of his critical situation.

"I tought you vosh ridin most to pig, Mishter 'preacher, so I tought I would fotch you down a pit, my goote mon."

"For what cause am I treated thus?" inquired Andrew Hall, attempting to rise.

"Pest to lie still, Mishter Preacher," (said the other, whom the reader has, doubtless, recognized Vansant, the Dutchman,) at the same time giving the young preacher such a heavy blow upon the head, that he was quite willing to be silent, awhile at least.

"Now you varmitt, lie town dare while I speaks a little pit, and I'll shbet that is bes the pest sermon at you ever did hear; so lie down and be still while 'liver myself.

"You needs not tremple so, for I am not agoing to sent you to de tevil dis time, though if you don't be ill, I is a very freed you will come nigh to start for

the other world. Now, de fact is dish, Mishter Preacher, in de first place, you come to the wrong port to preach your tarnal toctrine, and to git the folks' daughters in love mit ye. No, no, Mishter Preacher, dat vont do at tall in dese parts, so I tought dat I should give you a little piece of goote advice; dat is a shample of the how you will git served if ye hang around here. Now, I am jest going to undress you, every pit but your shirt, and den you may leave these diggins as fast as you can, for if I catch you here again, I will find your tarnal heart, you preach-erfied rascal !”

So saying, the inhuman Dutchman commenced to carry into execution his diabolical threats; and Andrew, seeing that resistance on his part was vanity in the extreme, and finding that all hope to turn him from his purpose had vanished, calmly submitted patiently, while every garment, save the one specified, was being divested. Then, after undergoing the severe torture of being rolled over and over again upon the hard ice-bound earth, he had the mortification to see his unfeeling persecutor mount his horse and gallop away, carrying every rag of his clothes with him.

So unpleasant has been the task of the writer in this short chapter, that his pen fails to portray any more misery, while it is left with the reader to imagine all. We will not begin to describe the sufferings of that poor man, as shoeless, and almost naked, he walked, and ran, and prayed, and called aloud for help, and vainly ignorant of the steps he took, sought he for some friendly habitation. Suffice it to say,

that all that night he was exposed to a winter tempest, little thinking that the only earthly being whom he loved, was part of the self-same hours such a sufferer as himself.

Now, to return to Mary. How long she remained insensible was never known to herself, nor any other earthly being. The first sensations of her returning reason were the most excruciating, that it is the bad fortune of mortality to be incident to. Pain, the most acute, from the effects of "frost bite," which was quite passive before the warmth of Aunt Amie's few coals had brought about a reaction, now racked every limb with such physical anguish as she had never before dreamed of. Indeed, her condition in the open field, though not at all enviable, was comfortableness to her present state. However, she did not have time to fully contemplate her woes before a groan of distress, half-choked with feebleness, made her start with something akin to fear, and brought fresh to remembrance the old negress, whom till now she had forgotten.

It was very dark in the little cottage. A flickering, unsteady blaze now and then played fantastic tricks with huge shadows on the walls around, and suddenly going out again, increased the solitude of the occasion. Mary's first impulse was to raise her head and look eagerly for the old woman; now, beginning to wonder why she could sleep while a guest so wretched was under her roof. Not able from the darkness to satisfy her curiosity, she attempted to rise, but alas! the limbs which a few hours ago obeyed her will with alacrity, now heeded not her mental commands, and



she had the consternation to know, that, for the first time since her remembrance, she was entirely helpless! Finding it useless to try to move, she called with a voice so feeble that it seemed not her own:

"Aunt Amie!" But no one replied.

"O Aunt Amie!" she called again; "Aunt Amie, why do you not come to me?—I am almost dying—do come, come!" A moan, that all but made her hair stand erect, was the only answer.

"O heavens! do tell me what is the matter with you, and who you are, for I well know Aunt Amie would not treat me thus."

To this, a short silence succeeded; then, a voice like the last struggling articulations of a departing mortal, came from a corner, dark and gloomy, of the little cottage, sending a freezing sensation to the broken heart of the listener.

"I is most gone, Miss Mary—most gone!"

"Are you sick?" sympathetically asked Mary Scarborough, who now almost forgot her own personal distress.

"Oh! yes—yes, child; poor old Amie is dying; but she is going home! I an't afreared to go."

Losing her voice, she was forced to stop speaking; but after awhile, she again resumed a conversation that comprised her last dying words:

"I know Massa Jones will come back; yes, I know it—but, Amie—she—be gone—away!" After this, she spoke only in broken accents, sometimes irrationally, till at last, a whisper was all that could be heard.

What an hour in the history of Mary Scarborough

—she, who had been brought up in luxury and ease, unused to want or care; she, who had been nursed in the lap of affluence, untouched by the cold finger of adversity! How sadly had a few short hours changed her fortune! Only a little while ago, and she moved in the midst of comfort, (so far, at least, as the physical sense of the word extends;) then, in a moment when she thought not of it, was she hurled from a place at the fire-side, into the jaws of an angry storm, barely escaping from which, she now finds herself suffering the most penetrating tortures that can afflict the human nerve, and in the presence of a dying woman, who, though of sable hue, held a high place in her estimation, and awoke a sympathetical feeling in her affections.

Indeed, it is more or less touching to a person of sense and good breeding, even where no direct interest calls a compassionate chord into action, to be, if not an eye, an ear-witness to the last scene of mortal existence. But that commiseration is consequently enhanced according to the interest that the dying one exercises upon the living, or that which the living bears towards the dying; and it matters not what the object may be—whether husband or wife, brother or sister, son or daughter, obedient servant or faithful animal, all or each produce the same effect upon the heart of sensibility, if the common cause, “attachment,” be the same.

To old Aunt Amie, Mary bore that relation which many a Southern lady this day sustains to some old negress of the plantation, who, serving the family faithfully to an advanced age, by her honesty and

faithfulness has won the regard of her young mistress whom she has nursed long years ago. And although she had neither nursed nor served Mary, yet a peculiar childish attachment tied her to the simple African slave.

Now, she was dying. Yes, and Mary was aware of the fact from the failing voice and stifling respiration, which told her in startling accents, that soon, ah! very soon, she would be alone with the dead! Oh! what a momentous reality! There, without the power to raise herself, must she remain, hour after hour, in the silent, ghostly darkness, keeping mid-night vigils over the departed, while the slow, long hours of that awful night should wear away.

Ye who have kept "vesper hours," ye sainted nuns or unhappy novices, who have sat alone amidst the dreariness of a convent's walls, while the wind in hollow murmurs revelled about the ivy-green battlements, and the spirits of the "passed away" winged their flights through cloister and chapel, paying the last duty of love and respect to a deceased sister, ye alone know the full appreciation of the scene that I am vainly trying to depict.

Slower and slower, came the ineffectual strugglings of vanquished nature; while sadder and sadder grew the heart of the listener. Now, the wind whistled louder than usual, shaking the little habitation to its very centre, while at every crevice it poured in upon the suffering inmates, adding chillness to misery.

Above the roaring of the gust, in a tone so unearthly that it seemed to come from regions beyond, Mary thought she heard her name imperfectly pro-

nounced, and when the elements had partially subsided, she listened for a repetition ; but all was silent as a grave in the cottage !

The old woman was dead !

The last winter wind had cheerlessly howled above her warm head ; the last of earth's killing cares, the last tear, the last pang of anguish, the last dark hour were past, and the tired soul, so long chained down to earth, now unfettered, soared away from her worn-out habitation, and spread her glad wings in eager flight for the eternal world.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"ALL eager I hastened the scene to behold,  
Rendered sacred and dear by the feelings of old."

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"There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand  
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet  
Than when at first he took thee by the hand  
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.  
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,  
Life's early glory to thine eyes again ;  
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill  
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then."—BRYANT.

ONCE more and only once do we quit for awhile the shores of Columbia, then bound by a despot's galling chains, that forged a thousand wrongs upon the young but hardy sons of her soil, who were only waiting for a proper moment to shake off forever the manacles of unmerited oppression.

At the time of the events spoken of in the preceding chapter, a dark cloud was gathering fast over the most enlightened portion of the western world. The insatiable love of avarice, and the unfeeling disposition of George III. and his ministry, had alienated the affections of the colonial people from their mother country, and already the thought of liberty was beginning to interest the minds of thousands, and to be

whispered from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic on the one side to the Father of Rivers on the other. The injustice of England was kindling a flame across the western ocean, whose glowing embers were destined never to be quenched, and little then did the crowned heads of the east think that a remote colony, separated from the great empire and kingdom of the old world, was then sowing the seeds which in no long time would bring forth a new nation, to equal and finally surpass the greatest existing states, and rival the famed traditionary empires of olden times.

If at that time a profound, hoary sage, or enlightened bard, from inspiration, or a superior investigating capacity, had foretold the rising of our dear Republic; if he had described in tones of studied eloquence the statesmanship of our fathers, or sung in enchanting numbers the deeds of our warriors and the battles of our great struggle for Independence, the pretended wise men of the day would not so much as have listened to his idle tale, while the critic would have pointed the index of mockery and scornful contempt.

But now, thanks to God and our fathers, they may gaze upon the reality without one intervening shadow, and what a glorious prospect (though sometimes an enviable one) presents itself to the inspection of a world!

The eagle, that proud bird, the emblem of our sacred rights, who took his flight from the inconstant shores of Greece and Rome, has now a wide field over which to poise his untamed wing, and many a busy city, town and hamlet, lake and river, mountain and valley, plain and prairie, is spread out for the diver-

sion of his piercing eye ; while the "stars and stripes," which numbered only thirteen at first, now sparkle in thirty-one gems upon the consecrated banner that never yet has fallen to the foe ! But to the subject.

Amos Jones and his friends had arrived in London. The lady, who, on account of indisposition, was securely "wrapped up" and completely veiled, accompanied by the two boys, took a close carriage, while the gentlemen proceeded together in a kind of curri- cle that Lecatt had purchased for the occasion—all set out for a country seat that the rich Frenchman had already prepared for their reception.

They had not travelled far beyond the limits of the city before the old sailor began to betray unusual emotions of anxiety and excitement, which did not escape the acute observance of the Frenchman, who said :

"You seem to be ill at ease, my friend. Can I be of any service to you in the way of amusement?"

"I thank you, sir," replied Jones. "I do feel a little unwell," he resumed, "but it will soon wear off."

The conversation here dropped, and the carriage rolled on ; yet the latter instead of getting better, became more and more uneasy. Lecatt again and again endeavored to force a chat for the benefit of his suffering companion, by making remarks upon the various objects that presented themselves by the way ; but so far from this having the effect of alleviating the old man, the sight of every thing only caused him to start with surprising nervousness, and then relax again into a dreary, hypochondriacal state of mind.

At last Lecatt, who could contain himself no longer, again introduced the subject of Jones' disquietude.

"Do tell me the cause of your illness, Mr. Jones; I fear you are very unwell."

After a momentary pause, Jones replied: "You have done so much for me, Mr. Lecatt, that I can not now deny the small request which you ask. And in the first place you will doubtless be surprised to learn that I am now in the neighborhood of my birth-place—the county in which the happiest days of my life were spent."

"Then it is early recollections that so disturb you."

"The same. Thirty and odd years have passed since I left these childhood scenes. Then, although my heart was bowed down with unutterable grief, and my mind turned from its true course, yet my locks were then akin to the raven's wing, and my form the most noble and manly. Remembrance after remembrance of past days comes flocking to me like laden bees of spring-time; yet, unlike those, they produce but few sweets, while they teem with bitterness."

"Have you no friends, think you, still living in this vicinity?" inquired Lecatt.

"There is no probability of any save a brother—and he—"

But ere he had time to finish the sentence, the vehicle was reined up to an old-fashioned mansion—the same that had sheltered him in his youth—his first, his long-lost home! He heard not Lecatt's voice saying, "This is the place;" he heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing. Deaf, dumb, and dead to feeling, he suffered himself to be led into the house and put to bed, from which he did not arise for several days. In the mean time, Lecatt, from careful inquiry, ascer-

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tained that there had never lived at this place any family by the name of Jones, and therefore was led to the conclusion that the old sailor must either be mistaken or sadly put out of mind. However, he did not mention any thing respecting his knowledge, reserving that for a time when Jones would be perfectly well.

One evening, just a week since his arrival, feeling well enough to walk down stairs, Jones was called in to the tea table. Now, he fondly hoped, the opportunity had at last come for him to fully examine the person of the lady who professed to be the mother-in-law of Lecatt, and who for more than once had wrought most powerfully upon his feelings. But from some unknown cause she did not appear, and he was disappointed.

After supper, though much against his physical improvement, he walked out towards a dilapidated cottage, and one would have thought that he was bound thither, had he not turned off suddenly towards a few trees and neglected shrubbery, that bore a resemblance to what had once been a beautiful garden; not beautified by art, but splendidly adorned by dame Nature, the mother of flowers.

Here he sat down, and began this mournful soliloquy :

“How faded, yet how natural, this little spot, the most perfect of all my youthful haunts! Here she planted and nursed with tender care these now neglected though impressive trees. How sad, wild, and desolate its appearance! Alas! like me it speaks of thy absence, O Matilda!”

Tears came to his eyes, and streamed down his wrinkled cheeks ! The emotions of his soul were too great for utterance, and he fell down prostrate to the earth, while twilight was deepening into darkness, and the twinkling little stars appearing at their watch-towers in the sky.

Having mastered his feelings as much as he could, he arose to depart, for the chilly night air was beginning to make him feel unpleasant, when a female form entered the other end of the grove, and walked towards him.

When within a few yards of the place where he was lying, she sat down, and after a few moments of rest spoke in the following pathetic strain :

" Yes, here did he woo me ; here, on this very spot, did he win me to himself. I would I could recall the happy hours spent here with thee, my poor, lost husband, my poor, unhappy Robert !"

Had superstition been a predominant principle in Jones' character, he would have flown immediately from the spot as from the presence of an apparition ; but, although scarcely accrediting his senses, he preserved self-possession enough to speak, and that in as quiet a manner as possible, in order to avoid affrighting the unexpected female.

" My dear lady, speak ; do not be afraid ; tell me who art thou ?"

The suddenly-terrified woman screamed aloud as she sprang to her feet, and tremblingly replied :

" An unoffending female, whom you will be kind enough not to molest."

" *Robert Scarborough* never yet injured a woman, nor will he now be guilty of any indiscretion."

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"Who did you say?" exclaimed the lady in a voice so earnest that it caused strange sensations to thrill through the other's heart.

"I am Robert Scarborough!"

"I am Matilda Green! and ghost or real, I come to thee!" As she, shrieking, spoke these words, she rushed to the wide-spread arms of her long-lost husband.

Here, indeed, dear reader, I would like to dwell awhile with you, but as the scene is only an indirect one, we must hasten on. Vain, however, would it be to attempt a correct description of the picture. The only idea that can possibly be formed (and that must be very small) is derived from the consideration, that a score and a half years had passed by since those two beings had been separated, in person, if not in memory; and since there can be no tie which binds hearts in one so strong as that which unites man and woman, the two noblest specimens of created matter, in the holy estate of matrimony, this meeting must have been one of the most intensely interesting and overwhelmingly exciting, that the mind of man can conceive of, or the heart of mortal feel.

It is said that aged people are not sensitive, that is, possessed with affection or passion so strongly as the young; and while this may be naturally and philosophically true, still, there are exceptions to all rules, and thus it was in this case; for never were there two happier people in old Essex, since the invasion of Albion by the Roman conqueror, or before.

But there were other joyful hearts besides those. Lecatt gladly received and acknowledged his friend

s a father-in-law. Robert Scarborough, though denied the gratification of beholding his daughter, fondly embraced Leander, his grandchild, nor slighted the unconcerned Alonzo, who had been the cause, or the instrument, by which God had brought them all together, while all that Matilda could do was to weep tears of unmingled joy, while her humble heart poured forth thanksgiving to the Most High, for that goodness which he had vouchsafed to her and hers.

As may be supposed, it was a late hour that night before quiet reigned at the old mansion house—so late that midnight went by, and the gray streakings of dawn were uprising over the eastern plains.

Yet, as ever is the case in this world, there is always bitterness in every cup from which man drinks, and a thorn upon every rose that grows along the pathway of life. So, mixed with Matilda's joys as well as with Robert's, was the soul-depressing fact that a kind mother and a loved father had passed away forever from the earth. But this which was more or less looked for, came not in all its weight, and therefore settled down from grief to a soberness that always produces more real satisfaction to the soul, than excessive joy which, if not restrained, often gives birth to unhappy results. With this in view, the wise man of old said: "By the sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better."

Two or three weeks had passed since their arrival in England, and nothing of any consequence had transpired, except the preparation of the boys prior to their departure to the seminary; Alonzo sharing in every particular with Leander, who was even better

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pleased with the former, since he also was an object of his grandfather's care and esteem.

Season after season went by, and year after year winged its everlasting flight to regions of forgetfulness. In the mean time, the health of Lecatt was rapidly declining. That slow but no less certain disease in its destructive operations, which never spares its victim or relaxes its deadly grasp, was preying upon the machinery of his life, and gnawing at the foundation of vitality. Indeed, so rapidly was he being borne to the portals of "the house appointed for all living," that it became very essential that Alonzo and Leander, who were then at school, should be recalled; that they might hasten for the last time to behold the face of a father and a benefactor.

These two mysteriously connected boys had grown up to love each other as brethren; therefore their grief was balanced when they stood around the peaceful death-bed of Lecatt.

Lamented by all, especially by Matilda, to whom he had been more than a son, and by Robert, whose severe misfortunes he had transformed into comfort and peace, this good man, after calling down a life-long blessing upon the heads of the youths, charging them, as they loved his memory, to protect and support their common grandparents, breathed his last.

In his will, which was found and proven, his property was divided to this effect: The whole estate, after being converted into specie, should be equally portioned between Alonzo and Leander, and that they should support, not scantily but abundantly, the two old people while they lived, free from labor or care.

To the guardianship of Robert Scarborough they were intrusted until they came to lawful age, when they would be at liberty to act for themselves; but never, before consulting his superior judgment in matters of momentous import.

Another year had rolled away, and according to the last will and testament of Lecatt, it carried into effect the dying wish of a cherished son-in-law and father.

Alonzo, desiring to visit the colonies in the hope of gaining some clue to his family, proposed a journey, thither, and as Leander, who had no tie save the grave of his father, to bind him to the kingdom, was predisposed to travel, and Robert, who had not forgotten the cottage and old Amie, prevailed upon his wife to take a voyage; so they all agreed to embark in a few days.

Before their departure, however, Robert Scarborough, led by curiosity, visited the Clerk's Office of the County of Essex, where, to his infinite surprise, he learned that his father had left him an equal heir with his brother, Manchester, and therefore must at some time have recalled his rashness, and revoked his parting curse.

This it was that engrossed his attention, taking thrice the weight of the large pecuniary consideration that was at stake, for he felt no immediate need of money, nor thought of future want.

But he was compelled to dismiss all eagerness of curiosity relative to those things, since there was nothing left for him to ascertain, either directly or collaterally, the truth of a subject so long past and of

such a private nature. All must be surmised ; and since imagination is often no guide to exactness, he took a commendable course by denying a fancied belief, which could give no lasting relief or sober enjoyment.

Soon, once more, accompanied by the whole family, he turned his back upon his first home, and "departed forever."

The trial was by no means a severe one, since there was nothing but unpleasant recollections to bind him to England, while all of earthly influence lived and moved around him, save the old sable servant of Onancock.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"O thou vast ocean! ever-sounding sea!  
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!  
Thou thing that windest round the solid world  
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled  
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,  
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone!  
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep  
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep."—BARRY CORNWALL.

THE day was fair. A slight gale swept across the heaving surface of the ocean, propelling the good ship *St. George*, on board of which the retinue of Robert Scarborough was being transferred to the New World. On the poop-deck, apart from every body else, sat himself and wife, as happy in each other's society as though the "honeymoon" with them had never waned.

"Now is a fit time, my dear Matilda," said her husband, "for you to entertain me with a full narration of the many adventures through which you passed, in the long, long time that we were separated."

"Have I not told you all?" asked his wife, playfully.

"If you have, it has been handed to me in such detached particles, that half the interest is lost; whereas, if you will commence at the beginning and



give me, in detail, the whole story, I shall not only be highly gratified, but it will help to pass off the tediousness of a long voyage. You know that you promised as much the other day, after I had finished mine."

"Well," replied Matilda, "if you will promise not to ask too many questions, nor suffer your sympathy to be too often aroused, I will oblige you."

"I will try and be composed," was the reply.

"I have an aversion to the task, Robert, that you have solicited me to perform, because it is even yet painful to recur in memory to those events which have been the fruits of so much agony to both ; yet, I will endeavor to summon courage enough to spur me through."

"Thank you," said Robert.

"The day on which began our sufferings, dear husband, was drawing to its close, and twilight was darkening the landscape, casting shadows around our little cottage. A superb chaise rolled along the highway, which you know was not far from our door, and Mrs. Hammersley, the lady who was staying with me, had just come in from the poultry-house, when I heard the report of a pistol, and in a few minutes the same carriage that had passed, reined up to the gate, and instantly a man jumped from the boot, and before I had time to think of danger, I was seized, bound, and gagged, and then thrown into the carriage, which was soon dashing away, despite the cries and shrieks of the good Mrs. Hammersley. I was not relieved from my unpleasant situation until several hours afterward ; and when I came to my proper senses, I was

being pulled about very roughly by a score of drunken men, who swore most wickedly. At first, I made up my mind to be torn in pieces; but, being observed by one who appeared to exercise more authority than the others, he staggered up and took possession of me, commanding the others to desist. Then, bidding another assist him, they lifted me from that den of devils into the open air, and placing me upon my feet, dragged me along some strange place that seemed to be a paved street, with houses on either side. I had as yet made no attempt, because I saw no opportunity to cry for aid. But, when I saw a man who, even in the dimness of that poorly lighted place appeared gentlemanly and noble, I essayed with all my might to call his attention.

"I soon perceived that my effort was not entirely vain, for he turned round directly towards us. The villains saw that they were discovered, and tried to push me along faster; but I made myself as unhandy as possible, endeavoring, in the mean time, to do all that I was permitted, in the way of shrieking. Hope revived as the footsteps of the sympathetic stranger-friend came nearer and nearer to our heels. Presently, I heard the sound of a blow, and then one of my protégés relaxed his hold and fell to the ground. Finding myself somewhat released, I turned round and beheld you, my husband! I saw the upraised arm—I knew you could not escape the blow—I fainted, and when time again brought returning reason, the surrounding objects had undergone a material change. A sensation of giddiness, that I at first attributed to the distressed state of my whole

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system, but which I afterwards learned, proceeded from the motion of the place, was the first that I have any recollection of; then I mechanically surveyed the objects that came directly under my observation.

“A lamp was burning upon a small table near my bedside, and illuminated my narrow apartment sufficiently for me to surmise that it must be a ship's cabin, (although I had never seen one before,) in which belief I was shortly substantiated by the lashing of water against the sides of the vessel. I will not speak of the anguish of mind that I suffered on this nor on any former occasion, but hasten on, relating only the outside circumstances. Enough to say, I sank down exhausted and completely heart-broken; I closed my eyes to the dreadful dream, and an unmeasured time of insanity succeeded.

“When next the light of reason and a ray of the blessed sun awoke me to the belief that I was ‘in the land of the living,’ I began to become aware of my situation, upon which I thought with many a tear as I lay in my narrow bed, now rocked incessantly by the increased roughness of the sea.

“At last, believing it to be the will of God that I should thus suffer, I put my whole trust in him, who rules the ocean and the tempest, resolved to submit, with as much composure as I could command, to my mysterious fate, hoping, one day, to meet again—if not on the shores of time—in heaven, my dear husband.

“Hope! hope! I exclaimed, what a comforter thou art! When all the calculations of the mind fail to

the desired object, when every thing else console, and the heart is ready to sink beneath the accumulating weight of woes, then it is that each fair, looms up ahead in the distance, us not yet despair! A time-piece in an state-room, struck the hour of twelve, when passed as a steward, entered my room with ceremony, and offered some victuals, the rich, although palatable under easy circumstances not my appetite, since sorrow had y satiated my whole physical nature.

Without appearing to be concerned at all, or any diffidence whatever, he set a small my bedside, and placing the smoking ereupon, said: 'You are requested by the to partake of this.' So saying, he turned with a bow, and left the cabin. Observing a water upon the table, I eagerly drank it and lay down again.

Soon after this I heard voices in the main hall the door of my state-room being accidentally little ajar, I could hear and see all that was

men, with long beards, were seated at a long table with the voracity of wolves, paying no formality, and talking gruffly all the while. I learned that, however I had before at times. In fact, I was, without a doubt, on some day, bound I knew not whither.

They talked like men who dreaded government, respect for law—of being chased, and of fighting a battle soon. When one left to go, the other said:

“‘Keep a sharp look-out, Mr. Harrison, and see that no sail be shortened ; but crowd every thing upon her.’ Then, scarcely waiting for the last word to escape his lips, he strutted without ceremony into my presence. Filled with fear, and a thousand other sensations that admit of no description in language, I turned away, and hid my head in a dark corner of my bunk.

“‘Well, Miss,’ said he, ‘I see as how your appetite has not come to yet, eh ? It begins to be time now for your fright to wear off a little, and for you to take a wee bit of refreshment. Well, well, it is of no use to cry any more about it now, since you have got to get used to these things, and the sooner you take a fool’s advice the better ’twill be for ye.’ In this unconsoling strain he continued to address me, until I thought it probably might be better for me to say something that might soften his tone and feelings towards me.

“‘Just then he asked : ‘Is my lady in trouble because of a sweetheart left behind in England ?’

“‘I ventured to say :

“‘Good sir, I have a father, a mother, a husband, to —

“‘You are a married woman, then ?’ he exclaimed, starting at the same time with surprise.

“‘I am,’ I replied.

“‘So you are married, then !’ he continued, ‘I was not aware of that, or I would not have acted so boldly ; I never treat another man’s wife ill—no, I never did in my life ; and although I had intended to make you a bride, if you had been unmarried, yet you need not be afraid now, at all, since you are not.

ie thing, however: you need not be alarmed at the ell of gunpowder, or the jarring of guns, for this is piratical ship, and therefore has many enemies; so u must get used to all these things.'

"'For what was I stolen from my peaceful cottage, n, in my husband's absence, and borne to this testable place? Have I ever injured any person t? Oh! tell me, kind sir—if kindness is any part your nature—when, when shall I be carried back ain?"

"'Perhaps,' said he, 'perhaps it may not be while u live!'

"Then, turning round so as to confront him, I said, vile tears of bitter anguish streamed down and urned my cheeks:

"'Art thou a man, and canst thou be so forgetful of y kind mother as to doom a helpless woman, who ust soon be a mother herself, to such a life as thou adest; and is your heart so callous that it can unfeel- gly absent me forever from my friends—to be for- otten by kindred, to live and die pent up in this iserable place—and oh! to be the mother of an fant that can never have the delight of seeing, or of aing seen by its father?"

"Here I stopped to take breath, and would have gain proceeded—for I saw that my last speech had ade an impression in my favor, but for the appear- ace of the man, who stood tremblingly gazing upon e, with bloodless lips and distorted features. For while he was unable to articulate a word, so deep emed the movings of his inner being. At length, e falteringly said:

“‘Did—you—ever have a—brother?’

“Wondering what his looks or words could mean, I said: ‘Yes; but many years have passed since I saw him.’

“‘You could not have forgotten his name?’ resumed the pirate.

“‘It was William,’ I replied.

“‘What is your name, lady?’ said he.

“‘Formerly Matilda Green; latterly, Matilda Scarborough, wife of Robert, son of Lord Scarborough, of Essex.’

“‘And my sister!’ he exclaimed, in an agony of feeling, as he knelt by my bedside, while I, hardly understanding what he meant, shrank in half-terror half-doubt, as far from him as I could get.

“‘Do not fear me, my sister; though I am a base ruined man; yet, I am no less thy brother.’

“‘I do not believe that you are my brother,’ said I, looking at him very carefully, endeavoring to call to mind the favor of my lost relative, in the marred features of him who stood before me.

“‘Can you not believe me, Matilda? Here, look at this and be satisfied.’

“Then, taking a picture from his pocket, he handed it to me, when the sweet face of my mother beamed upon me.

“‘Then you are, indeed, my brother. And oh! if you are, please to take me back to my husband, to this dear mother, to whose heart you have struck a keener blow than ever steel has given.’ While I spoke, my poor wretched brother trembled from head to foot. His conscience smote him like the billows

of ocean, lashing its sand-bound shores. At first, I thought the shock too great for his hardened nerves ; and fearing lest his grief might produce dangerous results, was on the point of shrieking, when he began to recover.

“That now, my dear sister, I can not do unless at the peril of my own life, and the lives of those under my command. Alas ! Matilda, I am sadly changed since last you saw me. Then, I was virtuous and happy. Now, I am an outlaw, despised, feared, and hunted like a wild boar—a pirate ! Matilda—a pirate ! This vessel belongs to me, and, beside that, I have immense wealth on the Isle of Pines ; and as I have always conquered wherever I go, my assumed name, Malcolm, is the dread of the maritime world. But I can not glory in such deeds, Matilda, since I have lately seen, more than ever, the miseries that I put upon humanity ; and I sigh for that good name which I bore in the happy days of my youth. But you said that you were the wife of Robert Scarborough—did his father sanction the marriage ?”

“No ; but Robert did not desert me for all that ; and it was he whom you knocked down in the street ; yes, I know it was him.

“Who—Robert Scarborough ! Heaven forgive me. You, my sister, I dare not ask. I have too deeply injured you whom I ought to have protected with my life. Oh ! how greatly have I sinned against the laws of heaven and of man.’

“Then he prayed, for the first time, he said, since his departure from his father’s house—the circum-



stances attending which are so interesting, that I can not pass them over.

"I obtained part of his history from his own lips, while I was, myself, acquainted with the early part of his life. You used to know my brother, Robert?"

"Yes, many years ago," said the husband.

"Well, William was a smart, quiet youth, though possessed with an unruly passion which, when provoked, brooked all control. It seemed to be a thing impossible, when once he had set his head and heart upon an action, to turn him from his course. He remained with us until he had attained his fourteenth year, at which age his father bound him as an apprentice in the city of London. After living here for some years, he formed a secret alliance with a young lady of high standing and aristocracy—much superior in a literary and pecuniary point of view to himself; and when he made an open avowal of his affection and submitted his suit to the consideration of the young lady's parents, he was treated, as might have been expected, with the utmost contempt. From that hour, like the unsuccessful Marius, he swore eternal vengeance to the patricians of England. Depredation after depredation was committed by him, until, at length, he was forced to fly the kingdom.

"Meeting with a band of old desperadoes in the West-Indies, he soon got the command of a ship, and forming a junction with a company of land pirates in the city of London, he carried on a destructive warfare against the government; and soon his bravery and fortune placed in his hands a vast amount of wealth, which he concealed on the Isle of Pines. I must

hasten on, for already my strength fails me," digressed Matilda, after enjoying a glass of wine that Robert had timely proffered.

"I would gladly take you back, Matilda," said he, while tears stood lingering in his eyes, 'but the ship now following in our track, would be sure to intercept us, and her size would insure our destruction.' Just then I heard a report like distant thunder, which he informed me was a gun from the other ship, telling me at the same time not to be alarmed, as he was fast gaining ground, and would in all probability be out of sight by the next morning.

"But can you not put me on board of some ship, should chance throw one in our way, that would carry me back?"

"I will do all that I can, Matilda; but I fear that certain death would befall me from the hands of these infuriated wretches, were I to pass any vessel that I could take, and I dare not approach any other kind, for they are all blood-thirsty Spaniards, who care no more for shedding blood than they do for smoking."

"All hope of ever getting back was now at an end. I raved. I charged my brother with all my misery. I settled down at last in utter despair, resigned, yes, fatedly resigned to every thing.

"Day after day passed, and the time for my accouchement was drawing nigh.

"It was indeed a horrid, though a stern reality; but I will not dwell.

"Ere we had reached the port of our destination, I gave birth to twins—two fine, healthy children—a boy and a girl.

"It must be joy beyond description to a fond mother's heart, when in the presence of her husband and all that can make such a situation agreeable, she for the first time holds to her bosom and feasts her eyes with looking upon her first offspring ; but words fail to tell the sufferings of one so unfortunate as myself.

"A few weeks after that event, my brother, overwhelmed with sorrow on account of the distress which he had occasioned me, informed me that we were rapidly approaching the Isle of Pines, and that if the weather, which was then propitious, should continue, he would relieve me of part of my uncomfortableness by putting me ashore. This promise, although it brought me no nearer to thee, my husband, gave, nevertheless, a feeling of pleasure ; and according to his words, the next evening saw me and my fatherless little babes in pleasant circumstances.

"In a neat little dwelling, situated in a romantic dell, not more than half a mile from the sea ; surrounded with every thing capable of making life agreeable, except all those endearing ties of home, and home's influences, I was left by my brother, whom I have never seen or heard from since.

"Years rolled by, and my children grew apace, till maturity stamped upon their brows the noble impress of puberty.

"In the course of time, our daughter was married to M. Lecatt, who was never excelled in the capacity which he filled.

"Soon all but our son, who refused to go, removed to the colonies. I have never seen him since ; but

when last I heard from him, he was married also, was the father of one child, and in the command of a ship. You need not start, dear husband, when I tell you that your little foundling, in my opinion, is none other than our grandchild. Be that as it may, we will wait for time to solve the mystery, and then tell him all."

"It is my daily prayer that such may be the case," said Robert, just as the two young men walked up and joined their company.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"Oh! for some fairy talisman to conjure  
Up to their longing eyes the form they pine for!  
And yet in love there's no such word as absence!  
The loved one, like our guardian spirit, walks  
Beside us ever—shines upon the beam—  
Perfumes the flower, and sighs in every breeze!  
Its presence gives such beauty to the world,  
That all things beautiful its likeness are;  
And aught in sound most sweet, to sight most fair,  
Breathes with its voice, or like its aspect smiles."

SIR E. L. BULWER.

ON the day succeeding the bitter cold night on which Aunt Amie departed this life, the same that bore testimony to the expulsion of Mary Scarborough, and witnessed the unparalleled sufferings of Andrew Hall, the family of Robert Scarborough was moving along the rough highway in a large carriage, destined for the cottage on Onancock.

"What object do I observe, lying yonder in the snow?" said Alonzo to Leander, who were seated in front, endeavoring to guide the horses with difficulty over the almost impassable road. "See, it is just behind that heap of fallen boughs."

"By St. George, it's a man!" said Leander. "Ho! grandfather!" said Alonzo, who had been calling the

ld man by that name for a long time, "grandfather, under lies a man almost enveloped in the snow—what shall we do?"

"Jump down, by all means, my boys, and if it is a man, render him all the assistance that you can! Go, will hold the horses." Alonzo, the child of misfortune, always remembering how dependent he once was, never hesitated to perform an act of benevolence to the meanest of his race, sprang from his seat, and soon stood beside the unfortunate traveller.

"Come on, Leander," called Alonzo to his friend; it is a man, sure enough, and I believe he is quite stiff."

"And almost naked, too!" observed Leander, running up.

"Here, take my surtout, and wrap him up good; now take hold with me, and we will carry him to the coach."

Thus saying, they gently but quickly lifted him to the carriage, then put him in, and again urging the two faithful steeds more earnestly, the diminutive roof of Aunt Amie's cottage was soon visible in the distance.

In the space of twenty minutes, their journey ended, and the panting animals were in full check at the door.

Seeing no smoke issuing from the chimney, the first thought that entered Robert Scarborough's brain, was that Aunt Amie was dead and her habitation deserted. Assisting the young men in taking down the lifeless body of the stranger, he handed Matilda from her seat, and telling the others to hasten in and try to

arouse their charge, he commenced hastily to unhitch the horses.

But before he had half finished, a shout of surprise burst from the house, and immediately Alonzo ran out, crying :

“ O grandfather ! there are two dead people in the house ! ”

“ What did you say ? ” ejaculated the astounded old man.

“ That there are two dead people in the house—a young, beautiful, white lady, and a woman that must be old Aunt Amie.”

“ Here, hold the horses, Alonzo ! ” said Mr. Scarborough, running as fast as his age would permit, and a little faster, towards the house. Upon entering the door, Matilda exclaimed :

“ The lady is not quite gone, but the old servant woman is, beyond a doubt, forever at rest.”

“ Then Amie is dead ! ” said he, casting a glance towards her ancient, death-marred visage, while a tear of heartfelt sorrow moistened his failing eye. “ We can not do any thing for her now ; alas ! we were but a little too late. Let us hasten to restore, if we can, those who yet live, and then we will proceed to pay the last sad duties to this poor old woman, who never murmured at a command of, or offered disobedience to, her master.”

A crackling fire of dry brush-wood was soon sparkling in the fire-place, and the two invalids were fast gaining strength and intelligence. Mary opened her large, beautiful eyes, and gazed wildly upon the faces of the kind strangers, with thankful looks. The first

question she asked, was, "Is Aunt Amie dead?" Being answered in the affirmative, she uttered an expression of grief, and not being quite recovered yet, sank back into unconsciousness, in which state she remained so long that her kind friends began to think that the consequences might prove fearful; but sweet restoring slumber soon came with all its favorable symptoms to her relief.

Meantime, Andrew Hall (for the reader must have surmised ere this who the male sufferer was) had so happily convalesced, that he was enabled to sit up, and even walk about the room with very little difficulty. He was very much surprised to find himself comfortably clothed and in the hands of perfect strangers; nor did he fail in the least to offer unbounded thanks to them and God, for their benevolence and his good instrumentality. When his eyes rested upon the corpse of the old negress, he cast down his head in silence—not that he lamented the death of one so ready, for, thought he, "for her to die is gain," but recollections associated with her memory caused pain, not on his own account, but for the sake of her he loved, of whose mental sufferings he had seen a type already.

As yet he had paid no attention to the lady, his fellow-being in distress; but led by a half-dreaming curiosity that it might be her, he lifted gently the veil that covered her face, and instantly staggered backward into the arms of Alonzo.

"What affects you so, my good sir?" said the latter, very much surprised, while all eyes were turned towards the half-fainting man. After a while he said: "I know that lady; alas! I wish——"



He could say no more. The whole truth flashed at once athwart his mind. He felt that he, yes, he had snatched her from a peaceful home, and brought upon her all the horrors attending a father's curse and a neglected child.

"She will despise me," he said ; "I must go hence ; she must not see me more. Perhaps her parents may take her back again when I am gone."

Then turning to the astonished old man, he continued :

"You, your wife, and those young men have saved my life. I have nothing with which to reward you for your kindness towards me ; but God, for whom you have done a greater service in saving my life than myself, since I had rather not live, will bless you when his poor, unworthy servant, Andrew Hall, is far, far away."

In vain did they beseech him to stay. Taking one more long look at the sleeping female, he, speechless, grasped the hands of his friends, and departed.

Aunt Amie was buried.

The invalid daily improved in health, until she was almost relieved by the tender care and untiring assiduity of Mrs. Scarborough. One afternoon, the gentlemen being out, the following conversation took place :

"You have never told me yet how you came to be here with the old colored woman ? I do not suppose that you resided with her ?" observed Mrs. Scarborough to Mary.

"Mine is a bitter story, and I would rather be excused ; but for the consideration of your great kind-

ness, I can not deny the gratification, and, moreover, it is my duty both on my own and your account."

"If you are obliged to make sacrifice——"

"Then you are a fit object to receive oblation from me, since you are my kind preserver," interrupted Mary, while a tear stood transparent in her love-beaming eye.

"Nay, rather offer all thanks unto God, for surely from him comes, and by him is wrought all good."

"But should not those by whose instrumentality he administers that goodness to the wants and distresses of others, receive encouragement? It is a clear Scriptural doctrine, madam, to reward philanthropy."

"Yes, my dear, philanthropy is recommended in holy writ, and charity is the great wheel that turns the whole machinery of religion. But when it is compensated by men, people are apt to practise it for the sake of the praises of this world, while they forget to look for the recompense of reward in heaven."

"Then I must not feel one single sensation of gratitude towards you? My heart refuses to obey you! Instinct, if nothing else, tells me that religion does not consist in cold selfishness, for if it had, you, my excellent lady, would not have taken so good care of me."

"Only remember me in your prayers, for there will it do me the most good," said Mrs. Scarborough.

"Not only then, my dear madam, but in all that I do or think while I live, will I cherish a deep and lasting recollection of all that you have manifested in an hour of extreme privation for a poor, discarded, homeless girl."

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In a few minutes she again proceeded :

“Fortune cast my lot, my dear madam, in the lap of luxury and ease,” (just at this moment Mr. Scarborough came in,) “but unfortunately those to whom I was intrusted, knew not, or at least practised not the things which pertained to my future peace. I do not mean to say that I was reared in vice—God forbid that I should bring that reproach upon the head of a good mother ; but there was a lack of religious culture on the part of my father, whose prerogative is to value more the appellation than the principal ; the external rather than the internal ; the exterior decorations of the body to the gracefulness of a pure and holy soul.

“Early in life, I was led to seek, not the most popular, but the safest way of paying homage to and serving the one true God, by whose will I was permitted to exist ; and in my investigations after truth, I was persuaded that the new but rising sect called Methodists, was ‘Christianity in earnest,’ that is, her votaries came nearer, as I believed, to please God, and to serve him, as his law directs, while they lived happier than the people of any other denomination.

“An humbleness of soul, a meekness of character, and a charitable affection which they evince, won my heart, and brought me to a determination to seek in the blood of Jesus an entire change of my moral character. For my choice of profession, and because I would not yield to my father’s biased views, I was expelled my home and friends.

“I may have acted with disobedience towards my earthly parents, but my conscience tells me that I

ey a Father who lives in heaven, and who will not forsake me at last, though I die in misery and want.

"In all things save this, I obeyed my father. I loved and was beloved by a young preacher, whose principles I doubt not were of the most noble quality. I was commanded not to associate with him; I ceased to do it."

"What was the name of this young man?" interrupted Mrs. Scarborough.

"Andrew Hall."

Mrs. Scarborough realized the whole truth, but from correct motives never even hinted to Mary the facts already related.

"My dear, innocent girl, many would condemn you for your conduct; yea, there are many that would sneer at you on account of the name which you bear, for it has always a host of foes; but you are now in a Methodist house; those who surround you here are of the same household of faith, and with pleasure, as far as they are able, will make up for that parental loss which you have sustained," said Mr. Scarborough.

Tears that spoke volumes of gratitude, answered well the old man's speech.

"What is your name besides Mary?" asked the old lady.

"Call me nothing but Mary—simply Mary! My father told me never to bear again his name."

"But you can tell us your father's name, without injustice to him or yourself either, can you not?"

"Certainly; it is the same as yours—Scarborough."

"Scarborough! indeed! is that, then, your father's name?"

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"It is, sir."

"There seem to be very many families of that name, Robert, or we have the luck of coming in contact very often with them."

"It is an old English name," said Mary; "we brought it from the Kingdom."

"From which part?" inquired Scarborough.

"Essex."

"Essex!"

"The same," replied Mary, looking very strangely at the countenance of the excited old man.

"Is not his Christian name Manchester?"

"Yes, sir," said Mary, now in turn as much surprised as she had before thought Mr. Scarborough.

"Why, sir," she continued, "do you know my father?"

"I once knew a man that was called by the same name; I can not say that your father is he."

Mr. and Mrs. Scarborough looked at each other with meaning interest, but neither of them spoke a word more.

They doubtless were thinking of one and the same thing; and when they lay down to rest that night in the humble hut, a low, earnest conversation, carried on between them, deprived the young men of sleep, who, on account of the small accommodations that the house afforded, were obliged to take lodgings on the same floor with their grandparents.

This grand situation on the Onancock pleasing all parties, more particularly the old man himself, it was determined that a mansion suitable to their means should be erected forthwith. But as some time must

sequently elapse in preparation, and before the house would be complete enough to live in, it was thought best to board until circumstances favored their removal. The straitened conveniences under which they labored urged the proposition until it was finally acted upon.

Mary cited ~~them~~ to Mr. Bradford, who, she very well knew, would accept the proposal, and whose wife would undergo the fatigue of providing for boarders, for the sake of hospitality; and as another reason, the house was capacious, and finely situated for health and enjoyment.

The thought of being with Illnetta, and near Mahanda, was no small feature in the cause of her choice, while it would also increase the distance between her and her family, therefore preventing those unpleasant and embarrassing occasions that would be sure to take place while they lived in the same neighborhood.

For the purpose of procuring board, the two young men were dispatched, with directions from Mary how to proceed on their journey, the way being an entirely new one to them, while Mr. Scarborough walked out along the creek shore, to refresh himself and revisit the old haunts of his fisher life, which he loved most enthusiastically.

Their minds, taken up with the new beauties of the country, and the enticing aspect of numerous objects that presented themselves, without considering duly upon the directions given by the black-eyed stranger, Lonzo and Leander drove past the gateway of "Atlantic View," (the name of Mr. Bradford's residence,) or stopped until they reined up to the door of Mr.

Upshire's house, in utter ignorance of their whereabouts.

A tall, austere, but aged man met them at the door, and asked them into the hall.

"I think, if I mistake not," began Alonzo, "that we have the pleasure of being entertained by Mr. Zephaniah Bradford?"

"You are quite mistaken, quite mistaken, sir; you have accidentally passed his gate. I am Upshire."

"We beg your pardon," said Leander, with politeness such as would have done justice to a full-blooded Frenchman; "but we are strangers in Accomac, and were in search of Mr. Bradford's, to whom we wish to apply for board a few months."

"I perceive that you are strangers," said Upshire, "and if it is not contrary to politeness, will you suffer me to be so inquisitive as to ask from what part of the colonies you are from?"

"Very willingly," said Alonzo. "We have not been in the colonies but a short while. We have very lately come from England."

"Do you wish to settle here?"

"Yes, sir," said Alonzo, "and for that end we wish to get board until our grandfather can have a house built."

"Just from England, eh?" proceeded Upshire. "Pray, sir, to be good enough to inform me how you think the difficulties between this and the mother country will terminate? How is public feeling in regard to the subject in England?"

"The consequences," observed Alonzo, "I fear will be disastrous to Britain—inasmuch that she will lose

most flourishing colonies. As it regards public  
g, sir, the great mass of the people side with  
and Burke; but the nobility, in common with  
King, blindly urge the obnoxious question, until  
that monster who now threatens our borders, is  
y declared; for, sir, you may well be assured  
the Americans will never submit to such disgrace-  
proceedings while there is left a pulse to throb  
on to justice. Even now, sir, the blow may be  
ng, the blood flowing, and the clangor of arms  
n, that shall not have ceased until this land is  
from the chains of bondage that have too long  
forged in unmerited oppression!"

You speak warmly and prophetically, my young

You seem to be a warm friend to the colonies,  
a zealous partisan to liberty," said Upshire.

Should not every lover of justice and humanity  
and his wretched brethren, who are crushed down  
—forgive me, sir, if I injure your feelings by  
ring treasonably of your King—despot, who  
is not, neither cares he for the great responsibility  
n bent upon him for the protection of the rights  
is infant land."

Would you dare thus give utterance to your senti-  
s in the kingdom?" inquired Upshire, in a half-  
ful manner.

in the kingdom!" exclaimed Alonzo; "yes, sir,  
e presence of George III. himself!" was the some-  
spirited reply.

ander, who was always for compromising matters  
he saw no very favorable result would emanate,  
assured that their host was inclined to the royal



cause, reminded Alonzo that it was high time for them to return, and the motion being seconded by the latter, they bade their newly-made acquaintance "good afternoon," and rode away.

"Did you see that young lady, Leander, who sat in the adjoining room?" said Alonzo, directly after they had passed the gate.

"No, I did not. I thought that you were too busily engaged in talking politics with the old gentleman, to take any notice of any thing else."

"But I was not, though. I saw a lady, and if ever it was my fortune to gaze upon a woman half so beautiful in my life before, it was not with my natural eye. I have oftentimes imagined the appearances of paragons and Venuses, and old Morpheus has presented in visions of midnight many faultless and lovely images, but never saw I in reality such a soul-captivating face as hers—no, never!"

"You must be dreaming now, or else laboring under the effects of some derangement of mind. Why, your words are like a poet's, and you look like a wild man, Lon."

"I do not know from what influence I am suffering, if so it pleases you to term my state of feelings; whether influenced by the wand of a cacademon or some good spirit; but one thing I do know, that my heart has gone out of me, and that is the nearest I can come to a description of my sensations."

"Very queer and comical," dryly observed Leander; "I surmise that you have left a weak point unguarded, and thus suffered the little archer, Cupid, to attack and severely wound you."

Well-a-day! perhaps the young lady that you is an heiress; if so, our misfortune in passing antic View may prove a very agreeable mishap in the end."

"I shall never marry a woman on account of her pecuniary worth, Leander; but I hope that we may never have cause to regret our pleasant ride."

"I concur with you heartily as regards your first assertion, Lon, for if there is any thing which I do detest, it is the manner in which the higher classes of society marry their children in England, that is, without leaving it discretionary with them to choose whom they please and whom they love. May the American people, if they do ever gain their independence, crush ever out of society this slavish custom."

By this time they had reached the residence of Mr. Bradford, by whom they were most cordially received. This gentleman was the very picture of good humor and agreeableness. Seldom, indeed, was it that he ever indulged a serious mood or angry word, and he was often heard to say, that, "contrariness came from the devil, and should never be practised by any one else."

Manual exercise had given him a full, robust face, and a rather unrefined appearance; yet it had not changed his round stomach or tarnished his good manners, which, though rusticated and unpolished, were of the best quality, and possessed with just enough civility to make one feel at home, without the pleasant consciousness of being deceived.

Mrs. Bradford was a fit consort for her husband, and it seems that their daughter, according to a firmly

established natural as well as mathematical rule, was a prototype of both.

The business in question was expeditiously settled, and the young gentlemen were soon on the road again—one carelessly at ease, speculating at leisure upon the various incidents of the journey; the other, half-gay, half-sad, felt like one that had left behind him something of more than common value.

## CHAPTER XX.

"LANGUAGE is too faint to show  
 His rage of love. It preys upon his life—  
 He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies!  
 His passions and his virtues lie confused  
 And mixed together in so wild a tumult,  
 That the whole man is quite disfigured in him.  
 Heaven! would one think 'twere possible for love  
 To make such ravage in a noble soul?"—ADDISON.

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,  
 The blessed air that's breathed by thee,  
 And whether on its wings it bear  
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!  
 There, drink my tears while yet they fall—  
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
 And well thou know'st I'd shed it all  
 To give thy brow one minute's calm."—MOORE.

great struggle, known as the American Revolution, begun.

First precious blood in the cause of liberty had  
 been spilt at Lexington, and even the hard-fought,  
 bloody battle of Bunker Hill had been contested.  
 describable commotion shook the entire colo-  
 nia north to south and from east to west. Two  
 parties came into active play; the one favoring  
 the patriots, the other the royalists; and such was

the intense jealousy of the times, that in many instances those of the nearest kindred and best established friendship, proved to be the most inveterate enemies.

The tories in several parts of the country manifested a boldness worthy of a better cause ; and though Virginia was among the first of her sisters to resent the wrongs of an overbearing monarch, yet that same spirit which on a former occasion had cried out, "Treason, treason !" was ready to devote all its means to the support of the royal prerogative ; nor was an opportunity limited, for its constituents consisted of the most wealthy and influential citizens.

But while the aristocracy was bringing all its resources, in secret and in open daylight, to bear upon the young giant of liberty, the hardy yeomanry

"Left the ploughshare in the mould,  
The flocks and herds without a fold,  
The sickle in the unshorn grain,  
The corn half-garnered on the plain ;  
And mustered, in their simple dress,  
For wrongs to seek a stern redress :  
To right those wrongs, come weal, come wo,  
To perish or o'ercome their foe."

With an impetus that could not be withstood, and feeling the truthfulness of the sentence, "*Dulce est pro patria mori*," they rushed to the conflict, and waged a good warfare against the minions of oppression.

It was in this state of affairs that Lucus Scarborough, provoked to desperate anger because of his disappointment, and because Mr. Upshire would not coërce

his daughter to an union, with the aid of the gray-headed ruffian, Vansant, collected a band of tories, and matured his plans to take signal vengeance upon the whole family.

His victim was himself a royalist; but to carry out his ignoble designs, he set on foot, and substantiated by false accusations, the impression that Upshire was a zealous rebel to the cause of the King, and before that gentleman could refute the charges satisfactorily, his house was attacked, and himself and family thrown into utter confusion.

The terrified servants, flying in every direction, soon carried the news to Atlantic View, at which place the boarders had arrived only a few days before.

Alonzo, from whose mind the lovely Mahalinda had never been absent, felt no ordinary interest in the fate of the unfortunate family; and Leander, who was fond of adventure, and undaunted when duty and justice called upon his arm for defense, hastily assembled together a half-score of hardy, sunburnt laborers, armed with muskets, and marched with all possible dispatch to the scene of action.

Just as they cleared a skirt of wood that lay directly between the two settlements, a sudden blaze burst forth from the roof of the distant mansion, arresting the attention of every man, and causing an involuntary "stand-still."

A moment only, though, did they halt. The time was indeed desperate. Quickening their speed, and encouraged by the two young men, they dashed onward at the top of their speed.

The scene was awfully sublime. The weather for

many days had been more than usually dry, and the combustibles being of the most consumable sort, the fire burned with furious rapidity.

From every window, the flames poured out in vast sheets, like fiery tongues of great serpents, licking the dormers, and leaping along the roof, till, met in one common blaze, it shot aloft in grandeur, as if eager to reach the very sky.

When our party reached the spot, they soon found out that their mission was in vain. Not a vestige was to be seen of any living person. Two or three servants were lying about the premises dead, but no trace of Upshire or his daughter could be had. They had either been taken away captives, or perished in the flames, and the former was the most plausible idea.

Never before had Alonzo felt so deeply concerned about the fate and well-being of Mahalinda. If on a time previous he had been strangely affected at the first sight of her beautiful face, he was now heart-sick with the probability that he might never see that face again.

Not satisfied with what he had already done, with the consent of his followers, he scoured the whole neighborhood, night and day, hoping to find, or get upon the track of the absconding tories; but he was obliged, with chagrin and sadness, to return without any knowledge of their *frat*i or rendezvous.

A soberness from that day forth came over him perceptible to all, and his bosom friend, Leander, saw with no moderate degree of uneasiness, that a great change had been effected in the disposition of his

adopted cousin. Often did he interrogate him upon the subject of his fears, but never received any very direct answers. However, he had learned enough to know that love, wild and chimerical love, was the foundation of Alonzo's disquietude. A few days after the above recorded events, the following conversation took place.

"Do tell me, Lon, what on earth makes you so sedate. You seem to be lost to every thing, and yourself too. Grandfather is very curious to know why so great a difference has taken place, and we are all afraid that you are relaxing into a hypochondriacal state of mind, disagreeable to your friends, and very deleterious to your own constitution."

"Have I ever shown myself unworthy the esteem of my relatives and friends?" said Alonzo, a little out of humor.

"Not in the least, Lon, but you know that we do not love to see you thus."

"How?"

"Why, so sad and absent; so cold and strange. You are not a selfish man; you were not so in your boyhood. Your presence, until we came to Accomac, was like the genial influence of a rosy May morning; now a November's dreariness sits moody upon your countenance, and if it gives not earnest pain, it causes ten thousand unpleasant conjectures, which you might spare those that care so much for your happiness."

"Unmindful and ungrateful wretch!" said Alonzo, striking his breast with his clenched fist; "I had almost forgotten that I am a poor orphan that merits



no favor, nor holds any claim to the affection that has been and still is lavished upon me !”

“ Hold, dear Alonzo ; my sweet cousin, hold !. I did not design to wound your feelings. No ; neither to remind you of your misfortunes. If you are an orphan, I am your cousin,” ejaculated Leander.

“ Yes, you are,” exclaimed Alonzo, in whose manly eye a tear stood trembling. Placing his hand upon his heart, he continued : “ While this bosom heaves with life, shall the memory of your revered father and our grandsire be verdant here ! But,” said he with a languid smile, “ I can not forget—I can not drive away the spell-bound impression that haunts me—the heaven-born miniature of that sweet girl !”

“ Now, then, have I obtained your secret ? You have informed against yourself. It is love that has paled your cheek, and overcast you with a cloud of darkness.”

“ Not quite love, Leander, but sympathy. Love, methinks, never makes its votaries unhappy. O my dear brother ! love is bliss—all, every thing ! Do we not love each other ? Does it give us pain to love ? Not love,” he continued, “ not love, Leander, but sympathy that I can not lay aside ; sympathy and sorrow for one that I would but can not relieve—an injured female that is now doubtless doomed to insult and wrong.”

“ But where would your sympathy be if your did not love ?”

“ True,” said Alonzo, “ the former could not exist without the latter. But still, is there not enough of humanity in us, do we not possess a sufficiency of man-

liness, to see virtue protected, and an innocent female's rights and character exempted from molestation?"

"That's all right, Lon, but it is of no use to try to talk me out of the belief that you are desperately in love with ——, I can't think of her name," said the teasing Leander, slapping carelessly his rather earnest companion.

"I hope, at least, that I may not see you in the same category before the lapse of six months," said Alonzo, as he left the room.

"Poor Lon!" continued Leander to himself, "I pity him; but if ever I get in his fix, you may call me an unwise youngster."

"Boasting fellow!" said Mr. Scarborough, who had overheard the last part of the conversation, "I have seen confident people before in my time, and I have known them to lose their confidence, and this I have learned from experience, that those who seem to admire celibacy most, are often the first to yield to the fascinating smiles of the gentler sex."

In his prognostications Mr. Scarborough, who was a correct observer of human nature, did not err; for in less than a month the pleasing, lively, agreeable daughter of Zephaniah Bradford, had inadvertently won his heart; while his prejudices to married blessedness grew slighter and slighter, until he was led to make a full confession to Alonzo of all his ardent love for Illnetta.

After reminding him a little of his former carelessness of woman's influence, Alonzo wished him a happy courtship, and a still happier union. Turning round, with a painful expression, he remarked:

"May you be blest, my dear Leander, in all that can make life happy, and worth its toils. As for me, my star of hope has prematurely set, alas! I fear to rise no more!"

"Cheer up, Lon; do not despair; you may be happy yet. The sun of nature is often obscured by a passing cloud, but he shines forth with thrice more effulgence when the shadow has past. The storm heaves up in blackness from its sulphuric batteries in the west; the lightning flashes; thunder, deafening, shakes the earth in quick successive peals; torrents pour down from the lowering clouds, and the unscreened traveller fainting in the midst of his journey, when the rainbow of promise spans the mingled sky, revives expiring hope, and points him to a resting-place."

"Heaven grant the application be as truthful in its event as your words are to nature," said Alonzo, languidly.

"To convince you how zealously interested in your behalf, in all your hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, and how firmly I believe that there is peace in reversion for you, hear me: I do promise by the long and unmoved fellowship that hath so closely bound us, that until I see you happy in the smiles of your adored—I can't think of her name—I will not injure your feelings by making a display of my own triumph, (if I might be so lucky as to gain a victory,) no, I will never marry until you are satisfied in regard to every thing, that now troubles you so much."

"Stop, Leander, I did not require any pledge as surety for your affection; nor do I desire any sacrifice

on your part to gratify me as to your honesty of belief. Go, dear Leander, and if there is a store of bliss for you, seek it, and Alonzo shall rejoice in the well-being of his cousin. Take back your assurance, I entreat."

"I have spoken it as if by instinct; I refuse to repeal. Say, Alonzo, what pleasure would it be to see myself happily settled, and you without a partner, even without Leander, to share your joys and sorrows?"

"Perhaps," said the other after a pause, "perhaps I have acted too inconsiderately, ay, even unwisely, in permitting my feelings to become ungovernable from such an insignificant beginning. I will endeavor to be more manly, Leander, by dismissing the cause of my disquietude."

This was spoken in an earnest tone, and was evidently intended by the speaker to convey the idea expressed; but alas! the resolution was only partially heeded; or if heeded, there could not be enough moral agency summoned to sustain the attacks of unsatiated affection and unsatisfied sentiment.

Months rolled round, the most important in the history of America, if not the most important to the world, and yet no tidings had ever been received of the unfortunate captives; though every means had been exhausted by the still anxious lover, in prosecuting the search. Leander, though averse to the wishes of his friend, had not forgotten his pledge, although it was beyond a doubt that a strong tide of affliction flowed from the heart of the lover to the beloved; while sacrifices the most humiliating were borne by one, at the same time that surmises of ten thousand

shapes and forms filled the mind of the other with doubt and uncertainty.

Mary Scarborough had never seen her father since the last fatal parting, but her mother had more than once sought and even secretly obtained an interview, while Andrew Hall was to every body except herself as one long since departed, and she began to waver in her heretofore strong faith of meeting him again this side eternity ; but yet the urn of memory was flagrant with his ashes, and would be forever.

In the interim Lucus Scarborough, with his company of tories, after securing the prisoners, with all possible speed hastened down to the shore of a small bay that flows in between the islands and mainland, commonly called by the name of "Broad Water," where there had been previously provided two flat boats, large enough to convey the whole party, and so sheltered by a flank of wood that they were not perceived by the eager commanders of the provincials.

A distant island, unlike the rest from its having a full growth of pine and cedar trees, called "Hog Island" in this day, and now, with the exception of a lighthouse and a few huts, a mere sand beach, spangled here and there with curious pebbles and marine shells, and whitened by the washed-out bones of former inhabitants, was the rendezvous of that part of the royal army which scouted in the neighborhood, combined with those of our own people denominated tories.

From the time of its first settlement, the most ignorant and low-minded people have inhabited that seldom-visited strand ; and many are the tales of ship-

wreck and smuggling that are told of this still romantic, ocean-bound spot.

Thence were steered the nodding prows of the two boats above mentioned. The west wind soon drove them to the island, and the captives carried into the heart of the wood, where some miserable hovels were standing near together—the head-quarters of the English.

The one in which Upshire was confined, presented any thing but a comfortable appearance. The roof consisted of wreck material, put up nearly perpendicularly, without regard to security of either warmth or dryness; while the damp, sandy soil, served for a floor, and a heap of sea-weed and grass was a poor substitute for a bed. The fire-place consisted of a hole made in the earth near the middle of the hut; a small aperture in the open-work roof took the place of a chimney, and the only articles of furniture which that miserable room contained were a diminutive table and one part of a schooner's hatch, which served for a seat, lounge, or any other use to which the prisoner might see fit to appropriate it.

This state of affairs and surrounding circumstances ill-comported with the feelings and tastes of Mr. Upshire, and no one need wonder that a deep-heaved sigh burst forth from his bosom, followed by a true demonstration of grief from his aged eye, when for the first time he surveyed his apartment.

The one to which Mahalinda was conveyed rather excelled in point of comfortableness that of her father's. The crevices were not so large or numerous in the ceiling or roof; a hearth sufficient to contain a few

coals, a bed made of the feathers of wild fowl, tolerably well provided with clothes, some low stools, and a poor apology for a tea-table and china, composed the paraphernalia of her new home.

In attendance was an island woman, unbecomingly attired, and speaking a language that those only who lived there could perfectly understand. Indeed, so limited was the intercourse between those islanders and others more refined, that they almost lost their original tongue. True, oftentimes, young men for sport, and parties of both sexes for pastime and health, and to gratify the eye and the mind with viewing and contemplating the most sublime and wild scenery in the world, visit the island, and did at that time; but being possessed with great diffidence and false modesty, instead of being glad to see such, and eager to inquire about the proceedings of other parts of the country, they fly at the approach of a stranger as a sheep from a wolf; and as they never come to the mainland except in cases of extreme necessity, their society is never improved, but from one generation to another, and from age to age, they live and die scarcely better in point of intellect than the wild savage beyond the Mississippi, and unchanging as the inanimate objects around them.

However, in this day of vast improvements, since the erection of a light-tower, and the introduction of an enlightened and highly respectable family, and through the operations of the meritorious "Free School System," a new "light," both physical and moral, is now about to be kindled, and it is fondly hoped that as the streaming rays of the former are

seen far out on the rolling ocean, so may the latter shine forth from the minds of that yet eccentric people, effulgent with education and religion.

The sight of so strange a person as the one above mentioned, filled the soul of our heroine with horror, and she drew back from her approach as if the figure were an apparition instead of a human being.

"I is sunt to wait on ye," she said in a horse voice, that sounded very harshly in Mahalinda's ear.

"I have no immediate need of your services, I thank you," was the forced reply.

"I don't know what you say," said the woman, half-giggling, with several fingers shoved out of sight in her wide, ill-shaped mouth.

The idiotic looks of this ignoramus so disgusted our heroine that she made no reply at all; wondering that in a land of civilization there could exist so rude a being, and she a female. But considering that perhaps she herself owed all her manners and refinement, as well as culture of her mental parts, to the good fortune which by God's supreme direction had cast her lot among those of a higher order of improvement in the things which exalt and beautify man, and fit him to discharge boldly the duties of a lifetime, and qualify him to take a happy exit from the shores of time to the last haven of the weary soul.

With a look that seemed for the moment to overawe the unmeaning, empty-hearted, vacant-looking island woman, she said:

"You are then to be my waiting-maid, I presume?" and here she sighed, for she thought of the long, tire-



some time that she might have to remain in that uncomfortable room. "What may I call you?" she continued.

"Dey call—call me Peggie, mum. But my right name is Maget Doughty—he, he!"

"You should not laugh at any thing that you speak yourself, Margaret. Neither is it proper to be always in a laughing humor, especially when your companion is inclined to be serious."

"Proper; he, he, he!" laughed the simple woman. Mahalinda sighed again, to think that her sole companion for days, perhaps years, she knew not how many, must be this, or another equally ignorant and averse to her taste and feelings.

## CHAPTER XXI.

"OH! woman's love is a holy light,  
Which when once kindled can not die;  
Though time, and treachery, and slight,  
To quench the deathless flame may try,  
Like ivy, when it grows, 'tis seen  
To wear an everlasting green;  
Like ivy, too, 'tis found to cling  
Too often round a worthless thing."

LORD UPSHIRE, the proud descendant of a noble family, lay shivering upon the cold, damp floor of his unwholesome cell, while a beating rain poured down upon the ill-constructed roof, and streamed in through a hundred crevices on every side.

A north-east wind howled without, also finding its way into the cheerless prison-house, shaking it to its very centre, while the commotion of the beach-bound breakers, as they reared their crested heads, and with accumulated strength rushed upon the shore, sounded with a wildness characteristic of that solemnity and grandeur only that is appreciated by an ear unaccustomed to ocean's majestic voice.

His lips were compressed, yet his mind was busily ruminating upon the changes which "in the course of human events" transpire, and he truly was led to the

conclusion, that certainly a change from "better to worse" had lately came over his star of fortune.

"Yes," he says, "how varying are the things of earth! Here am I, born of noble parents, whose fathers' bosoms heaved with royal hearts in Albion's blessed isle—bred in all the refined literature of that polished nation, bearing the appellation of a gentleman of the higher order, and lastly, a wealthy agriculturist, to whom in the province of Virginia there was no equal; now without the smallest item of injustice towards my foster country, or personally towards any one, I am held a close prisoner in this degraded place by a band of cowardly tories, and my daughter—the only being left in the wide world ~~for~~ me to love—she is torn from my presence, and the cheering influence of her sweet smile and soothing words—my greatest loss—these are denied me." He wept.

After a long pause he spoke again:

"I must see the ~~commander of this party~~. I will tell him of the royal blood that courses ~~these~~ veins, of the unsullied honor of my name, the untarnished reputation of my family, and the unflinching fidelity to the king and his laws; and then, if he is worthy the post which he holds as an Englishman, he will render unto me my due, by releasing me immediately, and restoring to me again my virgin daughter, uninjured and unpolluted."

Scarcely had he finished the last words, when the door opened, and the person of Lucus Scarborough crept into the shanty, and stood before him.

"My friend!" exclaimed the surprised prisoner.

"Your most inveterate enemy unless you sanction my proposals," was the sneering reply of the visitor.

"How! what mean you?"

"Revenge! long maturing, and of the deepest die," muttered the fierce leader of the tories.

"What have I done to merit your displeasure?" asked Upshire.

"You, sir, have basely deceived me, by promising the hand of your daughter, and then ignobly nullifying your word of honor."

"I never influenced her against you. Rather I used my utmost efforts in your favor; but," he continued, "had I known your meanness as well as I do now, your cursed shadow would never have darkened my too hospitable doors!" Upshire spoke this with vehement emotion, and his aged eye sparkled with a lustre that bespoke a firmness which surprised the young tory.

"Less impertinence better befits a prisoner, methinks."

"More humanity becomes one who wears the form of a human being."

"It lieth in your power to alleviate your situation. Much does it grieve me," continued Lucus, in mock sympathy, "to see one of your standing thus humiliated. Really, I do feel seriously for you."

"Then manifest your kindness by liberating me."

"As I said before, sir, on certain conditions."

"Name the conditions."

"That you will compel your proud daughter to become my wife—persuade her to become reconciled to me as her husband."

"The time has been, sir, when I was blind enough, as you have been informed, to use every means in your behalf; for then I thought you a gentleman worthy not only the esteem, but the hand also of Mahalinda. But, since you have so deeply injured me and mine, and under the pretense of serving your king and country, stooped so low as to employ the means that you have acquired in order to carry out your base designs, I do swear, that this right arm shall wither, and these organs of vision, that now look upon a villain of the blackest grade, will I suffer to be plucked out from their sockets, ere my daughter is, with my consent, disgraced by you."

"But, sir ——"

"I will hear nothing," interrupted Upshire. "Leave my presence, base villain, for before I yield to your henious proposals, I will lie here until my very bones will have worn through, and all the hair fallen from my head."

"'Tis much more easy to talk, my friend, than to feel. However, you will, doubtless, have occasion to know." So saying, he walked away.

Leaving the justly incensed father, he next proceeded to try the feelings of Mahalinda.

Since the unagreeable "leave off" that happened, as the reader remembers, a very short time previous to the sufferings of Aunt Amie, Mary Scarborough, and the persecuted man of God, Mahalinda had never seen or heard from the infuriated young man that unhappily sought her affections.

True, the threat which he made, as he took his leave on that memorable occasion, had not been for-

gotten, though the idea, that it would finally be carried into effect, was foreign to her expectations.

She did not so much as dream, that human passion could be wrought to that pitch, after time for sober deliberation, in which no plea of innocence or compunction of conscience can avail, though in works of fiction she had often seen it developed in its worst forms, while she had only deemed Lucus' affection such, as may be described by the poet when he says :

“First a pang and then a thrill,  
A fever-fit, and then a chill.”

But oh ! how ignorant was she of that malicious temperament, of that insatiable thirst for vengeance, and that desperation which stood prominent in the character of the disappointed wooer of her hand !

Let us imagine, then, her surprise, when casting her eyes upon the opening door, she beheld him enter. At that moment flashed upon her mind the words and the wild demonical looks of her beastly suitor, as they were displayed to her at their last parting.

The whole truth, however unsuspected before, arrayed itself in a moment, clothed in all its frightfulness, before her astonished mind ; yet she, like a good warrior, prepared to meet it with a firm front and with as much fortitude as possible.

Bowing slightly, he said :

“Miss Upshire, we do, indeed, meet under circumstances far less pleasant to yourself, and, doubtless, to both, I am led to think, than when we met before. Then, you were a proud, haughty, and I must say,

happy young lady, delighting in the success of the many snares that your beauty, accomplishments, and demeanor had, and were setting, into which you might catch the wayward youth, and then, like an 'ignis fatuus,' stand afar off, mocking the woes, the disappointments, and the ruin of some poor innocent, unsuspecting heart. I then was happy too, alas! in my own estimation. Hope, which, indeed, did 'tell a flattering tale,' and the encouragement received from you, raised my feelings to that pitch from which there was unluckily left no retreat; and in which there were secreted two spirits—the one evil, the other good. Provided you had not deceived me, the former would never have prevailed; but, as it was, as you would have it, the latter failed to rule, and madness—yes, intense madness ruled my brain and boiled my blood; and thus will it continue, only fiercer and fiercer, until appeased by gentleness and love, respect and esteem, on your own as well as on your father's part. When I left you on the sandy banks of the Matchapungo, you were free, while I was bound fast by chains, wrought in the furnace of a temper which had been aroused into fury by your sportiveness and coquetry; yes, bound by an oath (whose seal has to this day remained unbroken) to seek retribution, or perish. Daily, hourly, and without ceasing, have I persevered, until the first part of my scheme has awarded me, and I, commander of a corps of King's troops, stand before you wearing an apparel of honor, while you are my prisoner and in my power."

"Honor oftentimes decorates the exterior, the in-

terior suffering for the want of it," replied Mahalinda, boldly.

"So was it with yourself. All the honor that you possessed, consisted in wealth and name; besides that, feeling was with you a borrowed light."

"That may be true, for this reason: yours was so unrefined, that my own was uncongenial."

"Miss Upshire, take heed and beware how you trifle with one in whose hands your life is, and not only yours, but your father's also."

"O my father! my dear father! Tell me, where is my father?" said Mahalinda, weeping violently.

"Have I at last been able to touch thy lofty heart?"

"Cruel monster, let me see my father. If there is but one spark of humanity in thy obdurate breast, oh! let it constrain thee to pity innocence and respect virtue. Let me see my father, if but for one hour."

"When you have suffered the half on my account that I have on yours, then you can with more propriety appeal to my humanity."

"Mr. Scarborough, pray, let me convince you that I have never justly given you cause for this ill-treatment. I could not love you well enough to be your wife. Would you have had me yours, and unhappy? Was that the kind of love you cherished for me? Let reason, if nothing else, dictate truth to your understanding, and restore feeling to its long-neglected, if not until this hour, unoccupied throne."

"Had you spoken thus before I had been permitted to advance too far in my suit, when first you saw the young flame of love arising in my bosom, lighting up my countenance, and acting like magic upon my very



tone, then, instead of being honest enough to brook the incongruous intimacy, you smiled and bade me on to my destruction."

"The reason why I did not act as you have said, is very palpable. I had no occasion in which I might properly do it; but when, at last, you opened the subject, how soon I availed myself of the opportunity, and with as much gentleness and politeness as I could command, without giving you cause to cherish hope, I declined your generous offer."

A few moments she waited for Lucas to speak, then continued:

"Now, if you loved me once—and I have never done aught to merit your displeasure since—please take me to my dear father; I am so lonely here."

"Not now. Prepare yourself for one of two decisions, by to-morrow morning.

"The first is this: I have come to the conclusion, that if you will become my wife, I will forgive you and your father, and both of you shall receive treatment such as belongs to you and him. The other is: If you are unwilling yet to marry me, this miserable place shall be your abode until I bring you at last to submission; and if I fail in that, force shall accomplish what entreaty and privation could not; and your fair aristocratic form shall bend to my vengeance, while the roaring sea shall alone answer to your cries."

"There is a power that will defend my innocent cause; and that ocean, which you have just named, shall bear swift witness against thee to its Maker and mine," said Mahalinda, weeping.

"I leave you now," said Lucus, turning to go out, "that you may have time to consider upon the choice hat you may make. Remember, that on the one hand, honor, ease, and wealth are proffered you; whereas, on the other, nothing but dishonor, shame, suffering, and ruin can accrue. Good evening." So saying, he left our heroine to herself and her misery, hat was now greatly augmented by the threats of Lucus, the fate of a dear father, and the idea that he had a knowledge of the coming disgrace of his daughter.

She was partly relieved, however, by the appearance of Margaret, who, coming in, said:

"I has fotched your supper, Miss."

The dish proved to be a remnant of wild-fowl, baked and cold.

"I do not wish to eat now," replied Mahalinda.

"De captain said as how you must eat. He told me dat if you would not eat it now, I must leave it till your eating-tite come to you."

"Well, you may do as you were commanded; as for me, I care not for any refreshment. I had rather see my father. Can you tell me any thing about him?"

"Tell you 'bout who?"

"About my father."

"I knows noffin 'bout yer father. Didn't know as how you had ary one."

"Yes, Margaret, I have two fathers."

"He! he! he! You got two fathers? I never know'd as I had one, yet."

"You were born, then, after your father died?"

"No; I tells you dat I never had ary one, as I knows on."

"Was your mother ever married?"

"Not as I knows on. Praps she never was."

"Yet, Margaret, you have a Father."

"I expose I have, else I never would been here."

"Be silent a moment, and I will tell you all about it. We have all got one Father." Here Margaret opened her mouth and eyes, and would have spoken, but Mahalinda raised her hand, and continued:

"The Father I speak of is not our earthly father, but our heavenly Father. He it was that brought us into the world, and keeps us alive; and he it is that makes us die."

"My mammy never told me any thing 'bout dat Father, in all my lifetime," interrupted Margaret.

"Never mind that, Margaret; your mother, in all probability, knew him not, herself."

"What, my mother never knew my father?"

"No; not the Father I have reference to."

"He lives in heaven; and though he is very far off, yet he sees and hears every thing that we do, and even knows what we are thinking about. All power is his in heaven and in earth; and it is by him that the winds blow, that the rain falls, that the sun rises and sets, and that the sea, yonder, washes up against the shore. Also, he tells us in a great book that his servants wrote, that if we are good, he will take us, when we die, to live with him in heaven, where we shall never be sick, or in trouble, and where we shall have to do no more work."

"What does he say to the bad ones?" asked Mar-

garet, who began to pay serious attention to Mahalinda's remarks.

"But, if we are bad, if we love to tell lies, swear, steal, or do any thing which we feel to be wrong, we will go to a place of suffering, where we shall be burned forever and ever!"

"Do you think it is the truth?" asked Margaret, with an uneasy expression lingering about her rough countenance, and a tear standing in each eye.

"As sure as you stand there, Margaret," was the simple yet comprehensive reply.

"Oh! then I am lost to all 'ternity!" cried the almost frantic woman. "Oh! can't you tell me sufficient that I can do to be saved?"

"Yes, my poor girl, yes," replied Mahalinda. "That same Father in heaven, after he had made man, and after he had 'done bad,' finding that all men were very sinful, he sent his Son, his only Son, to this lower world to die for us all. Now, whosoever believes in that Son shall not be lost, but shall be saved in heaven. It matters not how bad they are, all may be saved, if they do better and love God."

Margaret cast her eyes upon the ground as if in deep reflection. At last, she said:

"Then I will do better. Won't you help me?"

"Yes," replied Mahalinda, "with all my heart."

From that day a serious change was observed to have taken place in that poor girl's ways; and the effect of the captive's simple sermon upon her conduct, was indeed remarkable. Instead of being rough and unbehaved, she now was modest and reserved, polite and obliging. Henceforth, looking up

to Mahalinda as greatly her superior, she was glad to learn of her, who had many motives to urge her to instill in the rude mind of her attendant that instruction so requisite for a female to possess. "A word spoken in season, how good it is."

One thing, however, bore heavily upon the mind of the fair instructress. Often, of late, in her conversation with Margaret, she had noticed a decided partiality, on her part, for the Captain, (as he was styled.) From certain unmistakable hints, she had been led to surmise that the insidious wretch who had vilely used herself, had by his villainy ingratiated himself into the affections of the unsuspecting islander, only to seduce and bring her to shame and disgrace.

These thoughts preyed heavily upon her, and she spared no pains in endeavoring to dissuade her from so ruinous and soul-killing an idea. But she, who in every thing else seemed to be looked upon as a model of perfection, and a pattern from which to form a good character, and whose word, when spoken for any other design, was joyfully obeyed, proved to be a heedless restraint, when enforcing the deleterious consequences of that blind attachment which was ripening for her destruction.

Heartlessly did she reason with her on every convenient occasion, portraying the character of Lucus in the most plain and forcible language, pointing her attention to the misery that must inevitably come upon her, if she still would persist, and charging her to guard well her virtue, as for the loss of it she would be accountable to God.

Often would she weep when spoken to on the sub-

ject ; but alas ! the fowler's net had so entangled her, that to be extricated therefrom was a matter bordering upon an impossibility.

This, with the severe affliction of being absented from her father's society, a stranger almost to him, while a few yards only separated her from his presence, sank the heart of gentle Mahalinda to the lowest depths of sadness. Her cheek grew pale with sorrow, and her eyes that from excessive grief had refused to weep, lost the cheerful lustre which formerly beamed from them with so much resplendent loveliness and transcendent beauty.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"WHERE is the heart that hath not bowed,  
A slave, eternal Love, to thee?  
Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,  
And is there one among them free?  
The cold, the proud—oh! Love has turned  
The marble till with fire it burned;  
The gay, the young—alas! that they  
Should ever bend beneath its sway!  
Look on the cheek the rose might own,  
The smile around like sunshine thrown:  
The rose, the smile alike are thine,  
To fade and darken at thy shrine.  
And what must love be in a heart  
All passion's fiery depths concealing,  
Which has in its minutest part  
More than another's depth of feeling?"—LONDON.

THE island that served as the rendezvous of the  
tories and English, was about ten miles in length.

To its extreme ends, in early days, it was thickly  
wooded; and although the time of which we speak  
is beyond the latitude of memory or even tradition,  
yet that such was the fact, is satisfactorily proven by  
the remains of stumps of trees upon the shore, and  
far out beyond the ebbing of the tide.

Now, as well as the days of seventy-six, one half  
at least of this beach is only covered with sand and

curious marine productions. From time beyond the remembrance of our oldest people, this northern part of the island has been the resort of parties in quest of health or pleasure.

Here, in the spring and summer seasons, the gay and the sedate, the patient and the physician, the lover and the loved, for pleasure, refreshment, feasting, and courting, congregate together, many of all sexes, each to gratify his or her own peculiar appetite.

Our Scarborough friends were still living with the good Zephaniah Bradford at Atlantic View. The old folks were cheerful and quite contented, Mary serious and reserved, Illnetta frolicsome by turns, Leander silent, though not from any other cause save his pledge to Alonzo, who was striving in vain to overcome his melancholy, an indisposition into which he was collapsing daily.

In the midst of this state of affairs, the following conversation took place :

"Lon, Illnetta has made a proposition, and obtained the agreement of the whole house, (mother and our gracious hostess excepted,) to take an excursion to Hog Island. What say you, sir, to the idea?"

"The time has been, my dear cousin, when I would have been glad at mention of such a trip. But now the thought only of pleasure fills my soul with pain."

"You are certainly in error, Alonzo, thus to continue in a mood so hurtful to yourself, and obnoxious to your friends and relatives."

"Don't quarrel with me, Leander, I can not help it—your reproof only adds to my grief; for my sake be pleased not to preach any more."



"Well, well, I am done now. But you will go with us? It may be conducive to your health of body and peace of mind. At least it can do no harm; while the probability is favorable to the supposition that it may recruit and revivify your desponding spirits."

"It may," said Alonzo, half musingly; "but," he continued with more earnestness, "I fear that something will happen to one or the other of us, of a very unexpected, if not of a serious nature."

"How long have you been a prophet, Lon?" said Leander, jesting.

"I do not claim to be a foreteller of future events; but from my earliest youth I have been with but a few instances, strangely affected by dreams when any thing of importance is about to take place. You own that I am very mysterious sometimes."

"Come, Lon, come; dismiss such idle thoughts. They only tend to deepen your gloom. Dreams are only the workings of a sickly or over-exercised mind. It is said that dogs dream, Lon. Do you think that they are subject to presentiments?"

"I am not well enough acquainted with the faculties or instinct of animals, especially the canine race, which is decidedly the most sagacious of all others, to say; yet one thing I do know, that through dreams God has often conveyed his wishes and will to man; to wit: the prophetic vision of Jacob at Bethel, the hundreds of other cases in the Old Testament, and the saving of the life of our blessed Lord from the bloody hand of Herod, was accomplished. These all go to prove that there is something more in the mysterious

visitations of midnight spirits, than an over-abundance of food for supper, (which doubtless is the cause of much dreaming—sometimes with open eyes,) or an insanity of the mind.”

“Those were times of signs and wonders, my dear cousin Lon,” said Leander, manifesting a desire to maintain the argument, “not the present Gospel-enlightened age of the world. Then miracles were common, ‘every-day’ occurrences; now they have ceased to be performed, because there is no need of any supernatural evidences of God, now. Is it not just as reasonable that dreams should have become virtueless as that miracles should have become obsolete?”

“I see that it is useless to try to argue you into any thing that can raise an objection to your island trip; so, to please you rather than myself, I will give up to the majority, and yield to your proposition.”

“Thank you, cousin; then to-morrow is the day set (Providence providing) for the grand picnic. It will be your duty to take care of Mary, and I will take care of—you know whom.” Laughing aloud, he turned away, without hearing the deep sigh that burst from Alonzo. “Yes,” said he, “I will take care of Mary, poor Mary; for she, like myself, feels desolate and lonely. Hers is the home of friends—yet strangers—mine the home of acquaintances and friends—but not relatives. She, perhaps, has a dear one, ay, a loved one lost to all but memory; if so, her case coincides, alas! too well with mine. She is criticised (though in pure friendship) for her meekness; I am lectured by those who have never had occasion to feel

the pangs which lacerate my own bosom. Yes, Mary, fellow-partner in distress, sister in affliction, I will be an escort for thee to-morrow."

The anticipated day broke transparent in the east. The hue of the morning sky, according to Virgil's proverb, bespoke a fair forthcoming day, with a gentle southern gale. The old folks were up betimes, packing the provisions, and busily making preparations for the younger ones, who, all but Alonzo, were wrapped in the pleasant slumbers of the morning.

He had been walking his room an hour even before the first streaks of daylight could have been seen creeping up the ocean-bound horizon.

His constant friend, Leander, lay snoring in the same bed from which he himself had arisen. Nervously he paced the chamber to and fro; his hand ever and anon was pressed against his forehead, and his eyes were cast upon the floor.

Passing the bed, he looked upon Leander, and exclaimed: "Thou, untroubled, canst sleep sweetly, careless and unmolested. How peaceful are thy slumbers, O Leander! while I can't steal one hour of calm repose. If I but close my eyes for one short minute, my soul must be harassed with frightful visions, and the pictured sufferings of one, whom fate denies me the power of assisting. Ah! Mahalinda, Mahalinda, I would that I had never seen thee——!"

"Ah! Alonzo, Alonzo, 'quæ te dementia cepit!'" muttered Leander, just awake enough to hear the last words of his friend.

Happily for both, Alonzo collected presence of mind enough to turn the subject, by remarking :

"Come, Leander, the sun is rising ; it is time that we be getting ready."

In a few hours afterward, the whole company, including the two elderly ladies, who accompanied the party down to the landing, in order to witness their departure ; and every thing being properly adjusted on board the boat, the trim, sharp, or triangular sails were spread to the breeze, and, "like a thing of life," it walked gayly over the rippling water.

As has been already hinted, Leander had never intimated his burning love for Illnetta. For the sake of his promise to Alonzo, who did not require any sacrifice to confirm him in the knowledge of his friend's sincere regards, he buried deep in his bosom the consuming fire, and concealed from every eye, except those of his adopted cousin, the slightest show of love, although, when alone in Illnetta's company, it was more than human nature could bear. Then, after he had slightly betrayed himself, he would lay his warmth of language to another cause, and baffle, if possible, the keen perception of one who only waited a firm avowal on his part, to show him how fondly was her heart his own. The reader can imagine their respective state of feelings as they walked side by side upon the smooth sand of the winding beach, close to the flowing and retreating water.

"Here," said Leander, after an unpleasant pause of some time, "here, with the one I love best, could I live forever ! The ruddy sun, as he came fresh from his ocean bed, should never find me unhappy, nor his setting disconsolate. The sea-fowl would sing to me of love. The fast north-east wind, as it rushes over

these old hills, would not terrify me, nor the lashing of the breakers give disquietude. Here, with the most striking likenesses of God's spirit, and with the heart of my own true wife beating in unison with mine, earth would prove half a heaven, and life an age of bliss."

"Then Alonzo would be that favored companion ; for in sooth you love him best of all?"

"I do love him, 'tis true, Illnetta ; he has a claim to my affection that can never be transferred to another. But that is widely different from the love of which I spoke at first. I mean that deep feeling of the soul, created in Adam, which caused him to love Eve, and which moves us to regard so dearly the opposite sex."

"Oh! now I comprehend your meaning. You left in England your heart, in the care of some princess, countess, or other distinguished lady ; and now you wish for them to be here in my stead," said Illnetta, in forced cheerfulness.

"Forever wrong in your surmisings, Illnetta ; I did not see, while in the realm of St. George, a single lady whom I was willing to marry on any account, whether for personal beauty, love of character, or wealth and power. Old merry England, though dear to my memory as the home of gay childhood, holds not my heart, nor can she ever ; though oftentimes my spirit is wont to brood over a loved father's grave."

"I must confess, my dear sir, that you are very hard to be understood. You speak half in riddles ; while the other half sounds like romance. It is said

that time will bring to light all things ; and although the proverb be not true in every respect, yet yours may be one of those particular cases, which may be exposed in no very long time."

"Heaven grant it!" said Leander quickly ; "and my fondest prayer is, that you may be the first to learn the secret," he continued, snatching a kiss from his fair companion.

Here another long silence ensued. Illnetta was on the point of making a remark, when, raising her eyes, she exclaimed suddenly :

"Oh ! see, see ! yonder comes Mary running with all her might ! Where can Alonzo be ?"

Leander, just at that moment remembering the late words of his cousin, looked in the direction pointed out by Illnetta.

Mary was running with all her strength, as if for life, screaming at intervals ; while over a huge hill of sand a company of armed men, dressed in red coats, were forcing the reluctant Alonzo away.

After leaving the boat, the two old men had walked along the westward side of the beach ; Leander and Illnetta chose the surf, while Alonzo and Mary strayed carelessly among the hills in the interior. Now they climb, hand and hand, the smooth hillside, panting and almost exhausted, when they reach the sharp, cone-like summit. Then, after taking a survey of the ocean and surrounding scenery, they dart down again to the valley below. Thus they continued to amuse themselves until they had left far behind their less active friends. At last Mary remarked :

"My dear friend, see, we have quite distanced all

the rest ! Do you not think that it is time for us to retrace our steps ? Mr. Scarborough and Mr. Bradford are beckoning at us now."

"I am ready to obey you, Mary. Really, I declare, we have come a great ways. How—"

"Hist !" said Mary, grasping his arm very tightly. "There are soldiers coming !"

"And English too !" said Alonzo, rather earnestly.

"Will they do us harm ?" whispered Mary.

"They may wish to capture us—yes, they ascend the hill, rapidly !" was the reply. "Go, Mary, quick to your friends—tell them not to tarry for me—go, I will detain them as long as possible."

"And you ?"

"Never mind me ! Begone, it may be soon too late !"

Mary waited not for a third bidding. Like an antelope, she sped down the hill, across the valley, and up the next. Turning round then, she saw the soldiers binding the hands of her brave gallant. Uttering a shriek, she again started off, faster than before, toward the lovers, who were nearest to her.

The soldiers, seeing one of their game taking foot, hurried up the hill ; but they were not fast enough to overtake her, as two of their number ascertained, who had offered pursuit, but who had stopped upon seeing others ahead, and not knowing how many there were upon the beach.

The other two (there being four in number) came up to Alonzo, who, aware of the imprudence of attempting to escape, said :

"What is your object, sirs, in approaching me ?"

"You will soon see," replied the stoutest of the band, who wore a sword, and appeared to command. Turning to one of his subordinates, he said :

"Bind this man, instantly—he is our prisoner."

"For what?" said Alonzo, stepping backward. "Am I bearing arms? Do you dare molest a man who never raised his hand against you?"

"It matters not—bind him, I say."

"You will yet have reason to rue this injustice," said Alonzo, as the soldiers produced a small rope, and commenced binding him.

"She did run so fast, Captain, dat I could not overtake her, I tought, till she got to de rest, so I tought dat I would come back," said one of those who had been chasing Mary, and whom the reader will readily recognize as Vansant, the Dutchman.

"Then let her go," said the personage addressed as Captain. Turning to Alonzo, he continued: "How many are there of you on the Island?"

"More than such unprincipled villains as you can conquer," was the spirited reply.

"You ish right town saucy, my younk man. Do you know who you talks to?"

"I talk to robbers dressed up in British uniform."

"Lead him away!" shouted the Captain. "I will teach him another tune—a lesson that he will not soon forget."

Alonzo clenched his teeth, and walked on.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

"THERE is a love, but passion's beam—  
Too fond, too warm, too bright to last—  
The frenzy of a fevered dream,  
That burns a moment, then is past.

"'Tis like the lightning's lurid glare  
That streams its blaze of fatal light,  
Flames for an instant through the air,  
Then sinks away in deepest night."—BROWN.

ON the morning succeeding that day on which Alonzo was taken captive to the rendezvous of the Tories, Margaret, coming in to discharge her accustomed duties, was observed by her watchful mistress to be laboring under an extraordinary distress of mind.

Her eyes were swollen and red, and her cheeks marked by traces of recent tears.

"What ails you, Margaret?" inquired the uneasy prisoner.

"Noffin," was the smothered reply.

"But something is the matter with you! How came your eyes so red and your countenance disturbed, if something has not happened to mar your peace of mind?"

"You can't do me any good, if I tell you," said

Margaret, laying down her work and bursting into tears.

"Oh! yes I can, perhaps. Let me know what it is, and I will help you all I can."

"I know that, Miss Haly, I know that, but you can't do me any good now."

"Why not as well now as any time?"

"Because—because—I ought to have taken your 'vice, then I would be happy now."

"What have you done, Margaret?"

"O Miss Haly! the Captain abused me last night, and told me that I was a fool to think that he would ever marry me; and when I told him that he promised to do it, he said I was a liar, and struck me in the mouth! O Miss Haly! what shall I do, what shall I do?"

"Forget that you ever loved him; something that you ought to have done long before this!"

"O Miss Haly! I can't do that. I—"

"What! not forget a person who has treated you so badly, who cares nothing for you, who beats you like a dog?"

"I can't help it, Miss Haly; but I must love him."

"Then I shall care nothing for you," said Mahalinda. Margaret held her head down, and wept in silence. This was a serious moment in her existence. She loved Mahalinda, and would freely have given her own life for that of her captive mistress; but the furious passion, the ignorantly-indulged-in affection for the Captain, had taken such a firm hold, that the time had gone by in which the spell might have been broken.

"Miss Haly," said the poor wretch, after a while, "Miss Haly, you will see me no more after this day; but before I go I will do something for you that will make you remember me as long as you live. I must go now, for if I stay here I shall get weak; I am strong now—so farewell!"

While speaking these words her eyes were dry, and such a determination sat upon her countenance as to cause Mahalinda to shudder.

"Where are you going?" But the good voice of the prisoner reached not the ears of her servant—she was gone.

Having so much to preöccupy her mind concerning her own and her father's condition, and believing that Margaret's wildness proceeded from a mere freak of an ungovernable temper, and would quickly subside, she soon thought no more of the matter.

As the shades of evening came on apace, a heavy mist hung down about the lonely isle. The "Will-with-the-wisp" danced from tree-top to tree-top, terrifying the unenlightened minds of the islanders, while ocean roamed along the strand in hollow tones, making more impressive the sadness of an evening presaging a stormy morrow.

Groups of tories could be seen here and there, chatting in low voices, doubtless making remarks upon the state of the weather, or the progress of the war in which they were engaged.

Presently a young man came walking up to one of those companies, and was accosted in the following manner:

"Hallo, Bill! they say that you and old Vasant

had a real wild-geese-chase after that gal what was in company with the young man that the Captain took."

"And sorry runners ye were too," observed an older-looking man than the others. "Why, there's not a woman in all his majesty's provinces that can hout-run me, even with sixty and five years on my back."

"It is much easier to talk about some things than to do them," said Bill.

"Hush, hush," cried half a dozen voices at the same time. "Any body knows that a' umman can't run faster than a cow, and who's here what can't hout-run a cow!"

Bill thought it was to his advantage not to say any thing else, so he held down his head, as if to signify that he felt the force of the rebuke, and they were perfectly satisfied.

"The young fellow what yo cotch was very saucy, wasn't he?" resumed the first speaker.

"Well, yes, he did talk rather big; thinks I, the Cap will give him a side-winder if he don't hold in; but he kinder thought that it was best to shut up, and he did so."

Thus they passed the time, until ten or eleven o'clock, when they retired, one by one, to put on dry clothes and sleep away the dreariness of the night, leaving only a sentinel to guard the prison-doors.

To and fro he walked, while the darkness of midnight, thick and black, gathered around him, and the eastern gale began to sigh deeper and deeper, until it howled loudly through the pine-tree boughs, and the

rain beat so hard that the obedient guard trembled and shook with cold. All, save that lone man, were housed as comfortably as possible, sleeping the night away.

Did I say all? Ah! there was another whose eyes were watchful. Was it Mahalinda? No. Was it her father? No. Was it Alonzo? No. It was Margaret, the poor, deceived, the wronged, the ruined Margaret Doughty. And, why was not poor Margaret slumbering also? What fatality had seized upon her, that she should be creeping about in the rain and darkness at so late an hour, this stormy night.

Reader, she was fulfilling her promise and verifying her last words to her mistress. The sentinel has discontinued his march, and now stands in front of the hovel in which Upshire and Alonzo are confined. A shadow unperceived steals softly up behind him. He hears a stealthy footstep—he wheels around—the words “Who’s th—” are on his lips—a knife, guided by a vigorous though a woman’s arm, pierces his bosom, and he falls without a groan a lifeless corpse, suffused in human gore.

With quick, noiseless steps, Margaret hastens to force the prison-door. The fastening is on the outside. The work is but that of a moment, and she gropes her way in.

Feeling gently about, she soon finds one of the sleeping inmates, cuts the cords that binds his arms, whispers, “You are free!” then flying out, leaves the door ajar and Alonzo on his feet.

Falling over the dead body of her murdered victim,

which caused a thrill of fear to shake her every nerve, she arose quickly, and wended her way through the encampment to a wood that separated the sand from the arable portion of the island.

A meteor blazed athwart her pathway, performed fantastic motions in the air, and then was extinguished, leaving a darkness that might have been felt; but it staid not her flying feet. Night, impenetrable night, was before, behind, and on every side; yet still like a "spirit wild" she urged her dreary way. A sea-gull that had taken refuge among the thick cedars, startled by her approach, uttered a frightful scream, which superstition and a guilty conscience told her was the wail of the murdered sentinel calling for revenge. But this only seemed to give speed to her feet and strengthen her well-stretched energies.

Over the hills, across the sand, her hair streaming in the wind, her clothes tattered and fluttering to the storm, and her bare feet making bloody tracks in the yielding ground—onward and onward she flies to death!

The roaring surf is reached; down, down, into the careering waves she plunges; the raving winds catch her death-yell, and the waters, leaping around her poor, wretched, breathless form, howl an awful, solemn dirge for her departed spirit.

"For her they raise not the recording stone—  
Her death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;  
She left a dreadful name to other times,  
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes!"

The surprise of Alonzo was unbounded, when upon

being ushered into his place of confinement, the first object that met his vision was Upshire, that unfortunate individual whom he had so long looked for with the most anxious solicitude.

The old man immediately recognized him, and a tear started from his eye, when he remembered the change that a few months had wrought.

"And have you, young man," he said, "been brought here to partake of my deplorable fate?"

"Thus it appears, sir," said Alonzo, now happy in his captivity, "but yet I plainly see the hand of Providence in bringing me to be a fellow sufferer with yourself. Ever since the day that saw you a prisoner, have I been seeking to find you and your accursed captors. With a true and hardy band of brave and unswerving freemen, in the night and in the day, through glen and forest, have I prosecuted my unavailing search; and when at last disappointment appeared to crown my every effort, and despair seemed my only reward, I have found you when I least expected it."

"And why were you so interested in my behalf, since you must have known that I was opposed to you in political matters?"

Alonzo, blushing, replied :

"Because I knew, sir, that yourself and daughter (if I have been correctly informed) were not deprived of your rights by the common fortunes of war, but the prisoners of some culpable injustice and ~~unmerited~~ disgrace. Sir, it is contrary to the disposition of every true American to fight from motives of malice or dishonor. We fight, sir, from principle and for free-

dom; you from false ambition and for slavery. The injustice of the mother country has driven us to arms; the love for our devoted land inspires us with courage, and by the help of the 'God of battles' we expect to conquer. I saw that you had been grossly ill-treated—they say by an officer of the King you serve—the same spirit that bade me strike for my country, urged by the pure love that I (though a stranger) entertained for your daughter, alike constrained me to jeopardize my life for your sakes."

"You are worthy the prize you seek to win," replied Upshire, crawling to Alonzo, and embracing him. "It may not," he continued, "be my happy lot to place her hand in yours; but if she accepts your noble sacrifice, know this, that living or dying, she is yours!"

"Is she safe? Where is she?"

"Heaven grant she is! Like you and me (I've been told) she, too, is suffering close confinement."

"Tell me sir, in truth, who commands this party, and what are his reasons for and designs in thus ill-using you and yours? I have heard something concerning it, but not enough of reliable news to come to any just conclusion."

"A young man called Lucus Scarborough——"

"That is my name, sir," exclaimed Alonzo, "or at least a part of it; mine is Alonzo Scarborough; but that circumstance shall not spare him if ever I have the opportunity of meeting him upon an equal footing. Go on, sir."

"This Lucus Scarborough, whose father resides in Accomac, sought the hand of my daughter, and be-



cause she refused to accept his offer on just grounds, he wreaks his disappointment upon us in this manner."

"Gracious Powers!" exclaimed Alonzo, "protect Mahalinda from all harm!"

After a pause he continued: "And this is the cause that you support?"

"Not now, Scarborough, not now. . You have made me an American. Henceforth all I have, and all I am, devote I to my suffering country, and to the shrine of Freedom!"

"Then ere to-morrow's setting sun," whispered Alonzo, "you shall see a triumph of her people, and be permitted to embrace your darling daughter, free and restored to your property and friends."

"How can this be effected? You are bound, so am I. Nothing less than a miracle can rescue us."

"And yet our rescue is certain. I have a friend, a never-failing friend—Leander Lecatt by name—he will gather together our chosen followers, and come immediately to our help."

"Are you sure that he will come?"

"As sure as he lives."

"But this storm—"

"May delay the expedition a few hours."

"Then let us wait patiently until our deliverance comes," said Upshire.

"And in order that we may be better prepared, let us sleep now if we can. The time will not seem half so long if we can slumber a part of it away."

The conversation ended, they stretched themselves at full length upon the ground floor, and feeling assured of a hasty restoration to loved ones and friends, they quietly sank to calm repose.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"What though thy sire lament his falling line,  
A father's sorrow can not equal mine!  
Though none like thee this trying hour will cheer,  
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:  
But ~~will~~ with me shall hold thy former place?  
Thine image, what new friendship can efface?  
Oh! none; a father's tears will cease to flow—  
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe.  
To all save one is consolation known  
While solitary friendship sighs alone."—BYRON.

By the time that Mary reached Leander and Illnetta, her frightful screams had attracted the attention of the old men, who ran also in the best manner they could, to ascertain the cause of so much excitement.

"For Heaven's sake, Mary, what is the matter, and where is Alonzo?" asked Leander, surprised at Mary's terrified appearance.

"The British, the British!"

"Have taken Alonzo!" exclaimed Leander; "and I will rescue him or die!"

With these words yet upon his lips, he sprang forward in the direction from whence Mary had come; but the old men reading his intention in his features,

and knowing the vanity and ruin of such a proceeding, caught him by the arms and held him fast.

"What! grandfather, will you detain me by force, when Alonzo is being carried off by those ruffians?"

"Let me go to his relief!" he continued, struggling to break away.

"Leander! this is madness!" said Mr. Scarborough; "do not act thus; you can not render Alonzo any assistance. They would make you a prisoner also, and then——"

"My dear grandfather, my dear Mr. Bradford, I beg you, let me go. I can whip a hundred such cowards!"

"Leander, your mind is wavering!" said Mr. Scarborough; "come, let us go home."

"And leave Alonzo here? Oh! I can not, will not leave him to suffer insult and abuse from such a detestable set of soldiery. Do let me go! Please let me go! I do not want to leave Lon here!"

Mr. Scarborough burst into tears, and let go his hold; but the good Zephaniah yet held on, and began to argue with the young man thus:

"Leander, if you tarry here, these women will be taken, as well as ourselves. Now, you do not want them to suffer all the privation of a British camp, exposed to every kind of insult? Now listen to me; if you wish to fight those fellows, and nobly rescue your friend, hasten home as quick as possible, call your men together, and then you will be better prepared to cope with their numbers; for, believe me, there is a real nest of them up the island."

Leander caught the tearful, pleading gaze of Illnetta, and said :

"Then come, for I will neither sleep nor eat until I have found Alonzo, and he is free !"

Sad, indeed, was the change that had come over the spirit of that little party in the short space of a few hours.

They went down joyful, having in anticipation a store of pleasure and amusement. Now, how cheerless do they return ! The girls, sitting down in the bottom of the boat, continue to weep. Mr. Scarborough, with his face in his hands, gives vent to his deep feelings ever and anon in a heavy sigh, that starts a new flood of tears from the fair sufferers, reminding one of a peal of thunder showering down afresh the big, round drops of summer rain.

Leander, stern and silent as the grave, sits brooding over the sweet thoughts of revenge, while good Zephaniah guides the helm and trims the flowing sail.

Reluctantly they tell the tidings at Atlantic View, to Mrs. Scarborough, who, in her affection for the real and the adopted grandchild, knows no difference. But with consoling tales, that scarcely they themselves believe, they bid her hope that he is safe from harm, and will soon be ransomed with Leander's faithful steel.

A stormy night set in ; but regardless of the darkness or inclemency of the weather, they were actively employed all night long in collecting an efficient party for the important enterprise, and so assiduously did they labor, that by two hours of the sun on the fol-

lowing day, they had collected fifty as brave men as trod the soil of the "Old Dominion."

But the gale unabating, howled loudly from the eastward. The waves, high and caving, lashed the foaming channel furiously, and the tide swelled beyond its highest limits.

Yet nothing daunted, Leander, fearless and madly determined, gathered his hardy men together on board a small schooner, and, as if combating against the angry elements of disturbed nature, essayed to beat her down the boisterous stream.

Twice did he get aground, and twice, by herculean toil, was she got off.

Sail after sail blew away, until, fearing that if he did not anchor, the vessel would not be in a condition to be trusted in the prosecution of the voyage, after a cessation of the storm, he unwillingly gave orders to that effect, and desisted from the enterprise, at least until another day. The weary men sought refuge from the pelting tempest beneath the deck.

Not so Leander ; wet, tired, and disappointed, he walked the space of his short limits alone and like a maniac.

"O Alonzo ! I shall never see thee more. Thy ardor in the cause of liberty is not unknown ! Thou hast also a heart that will not bend to insult ! Now thy dream is verified. Alas ! I treated thy warning voice with too much levity—I am the cause of thy misfortune !"

In sentences detached like these, he lamented the fate of his adopted cousin. Night came on again, and he was still there.

Slowly it wore away, and when the light of another morning dawned, it found him watching still.

Let us leave Leander for awhile, and take a look at affairs involving the interest of the bereaved family circle at Atlantic View, every member of which deplored the loss of Alonzo as if he were dead, although the probability that he would be treated as a prisoner of war, and finally exchanged at its close, if not before, was both conclusive and agreeable, even if Leander failed to rescue him.

An own father could not have loved him more than did Robert Scarborough. The foundling that beguiled with interesting prattle the lonely, humble hours of a fisherman's life, had grown up to cheer his aged heart and repay his generosity with care and filial affection and untiring attention. The idea that the time of his earthly probation would expire, that God would call him to himself ere he might again fix his eyes upon Alonzo, and clasp him to his bosom, settled upon him with that degree of fearfulness which such a calamity always exercises upon a feeble old person who has seen his threescore years and ten.

In the midst of his distress, a servant-man came riding up to the gate, wet and muddy, his weary beast foaming with sweat and trembling with fatigue. He brought a letter addressed to "Mr. Robert Scarborough." The old man received it with a shaking hand, almost fearing to look within, dreading that it might contain some new grievous information, and the whole family gathered around anxious to hear if, peradventure, it spoke of Alonzo's fate. It ran thus:

"SIR: You will please come as quickly after receiving this as you can to my house. The man will show you the way. I am on my death-bed, and wish to see you instantly. If you come, I can die happy; if you stay, I shall leave the world dissatisfied and miserable. I know you will not deny me this small request, (although I am wholly unworthy of it,) when you remember

MANCHESTER."

The long-expected truth now broke in fullness upon the mind of Robert Scarborough. If he had been heretofore struggling with uncertainty respecting certain facts concerning his brother, those doubts were now undisputably removed, for the sunlight of truth had suddenly beamed upon the shadows of apprehension, and the fluctuating materials of conjecture securely settled.

It was an indubitable certainty that the handwriting before him was none other than his brother's, although the nerves that gave direction to the pen were fearfully unsteady.

Forgetful of former injuries, and eager to behold again in this world a brother that he loved despite his faults, he folded up the letter without saying a word to any one, ordered his horse and chaise, and set out with the servant, leaving the family wonder-stricken, that he should have business of so much importance, and yet act with eccentricity, a failing which his friends had never before observed in him.

Matilda, even, was not informed of his intentions, and in her surprise, was constrained to exclaim :

"Robert never undertook any thing before without consulting me. I can not tell for my life what strange business he has to transact."

"The old man must have heard some highly important news," chimed in Mr. Bradford.

"Do you think it concerns Alonzo?" asked Mary.

"Or Leander?" interposed Illnetta, forgetting to be shy in the deep solicitude for her lover.

"Neither," replied Mr. Bradford. "It is too soon to hear any tidings from Alonzo, and you may be assured that you will not hear from Leander until he has accomplished his designs. Doubtless, none of us have the remotest idea of the importunate duty that has so unseasonably called out our friend."

It had begun to be dark when Robert Scarborough reached the superb dwelling of his brother, a brother whom he had not seen for many long, weary years, and his heart beat with a thousand new sensations as he neared the place of destination.

He already felt the struggle through which his feelings must pass. He knew the excitement that the meeting would create, and as earnestly as he desired to see Manchester, and to do him any service in the compass of his means, yet he almost dreaded to go through the trying ordeal, that the inspiration of circumstances made essential. "Putting the best foot foremost," however, he calmly suffered himself to be ushered into the chamber of death.

Manchester, who was impatiently waiting his advent, aroused by the footsteps of his brother, raised his languid eyes, and for a moment fixed them upon his face.

The shock was such as to deprive the sick man of reason for several minutes, while Robert, unable to



sustain the weight of his body, sank silently upon the floor, without the ability to utter a single word.

In the course of a few minutes, by the assistance of Mrs. Scarborough and a servant in attendance, a flickering beam of intelligence came back to blaze for a transitory season, and then abandon forever its earthly habitation.

"Where is my brother?" he feebly asked.

"Here am I," replied Robert. "Be composed, Manchester; you are not well enough yet to converse," he continued, fearing that another convulsion would cause instantaneous dissolution.

"Yet I must talk now, for my time is brief."

Then beckoning to his wife and servant to leave the room, with that strength in which death often clothes its victim, he hastily spoke the following words:

"When I wrote to you, my brother, I was filled with the distressing apprehension that you would not come. The thought that I should appear before my Maker without having asked your forgiveness, and received your forfeited favor, has, I believe, hastened my dying hour. But you are here, yes, you are here. O Robert! I have a long tale to tell—a tale that I ought to blush to rehearse—a record of sin and shame!

"In the first place, I strove, until a father's anger, waxed to its highest pitch, that I might disinheritor you. Day nor night I ceased to work upon that old man, with a serpent's cunning, speaking all manner of evil that my fiendish mind could suggest, and using every argument which I knew would operate best upon him for the success of my base ends, till I saw

you expelled forever the paternal mansion. 'Tis true, I felt a chill of reprehension shake my soul when I saw you dejectedly depart, and heard our good old mother's heart-broken moans, yet the avaricious thirst that consumed every kindling spark of feeling, and swallowed up the very fountain of affection, made me smile a malicious smile, and exult in your misery.

"**Still**, not yet satiated, fearing that the old man might recant, I formed a scheme to drive you to madness. Do not curse me, Robert. I it was who occasioned you so much misery; who exiled you, a poor, forlorn wretch, in a strange land, reduced from a lord to a fisherman; who kidnapped your wife!"

"But I have forg——"

"Hold on! I am not yet done. Not content with committing the most unparalleled injuries upon my brother, for a cause not only the most trivial, but unjust, I drove my only daughter away from my house; and now that death is busy in paying me for my many sins, poor Mary is wandering I know not where, upon the sympathies of this cold world, her only protection."

Here he faltered, and want of breath compelled him to pause.

"She is safe," said Robert, "in the care of her uncle, and many other dear friends."

"What! at your house?"

"Yes, with me."

"Will you not tell her that you are her uncle, that you will be a father to her, that you will love her, and will you not throw a shelter around and about

her, protect her youth, and see that she is not imposed upon ?”

“All this I will do, my brother, be assured ; but you are feeble now, and had better rest a little.”

“Rest ! rest, did you say, Robert ? Oh ! I shall never know what rest is again. ‘There is no rest, no peace for the wicked, saith my God.’ I have served the devil in this world, I must meet his torments in the next ! I have lost that heaven which I might have won, and I have gained that hell which I might have shunned.”

“But you may yet——”

“Alas ! it is too late now ; I feel the chill of death relaxing my limbs ! I see his dusky vail spread over my eyes ! I hear his heavy footsteps, the rumbling of his chariot-wheels in my dying ears. O Robert ! I am on the very verge of an awful chasm, too deep, too dark, too horrid for my soul to bear ! One thing more : here is a picture, it belongs to your wife ; it was stolen from your cottage during your absence. I had some other things to mention, but I have not the time. My sands are run. Eternity, gloomy and drear, heaves up in view—devils drag me away—I am going—farewell—oh ! I—fear—not now—life !”

Robert turned away his head to weep, and when he again looked upon his brother, the clammy sweat of death stood big upon his brow, and his sunken, sightless eyes were fixed forever in their sockets.

Let us return to Leander. With joy unspeakable, he beheld, with eyes that had not been closed for forty hours, the heavy clouds lifting up from the horizon, leaving streaks of clear sky beneath, while

the wind came gradually round from east to south, and from south to west, the very point from which he wished to see it blow. A council, composed of the most intelligent men on board the schooner, was called, and it was unanimously agreed upon, that the vessel should not be got under weigh until a few hours before sunset, in order that they might more secretly approach the island, and render victory more certain by the advantages of surprise.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when Leander gave orders for the sails to be hoisted and the anchor hove up. Buoyant as the hearts of the brave Americans who trod her deck, the little craft sped down the channel as gayly as if she felt the sweet influence of that liberty which was throbbing in the breasts of our fathers, or rejoiced at the breaking of that day of freedom whose precious beams were already dispersing the midnight darkness of slavery, and dawning in effulgent splendor upon the western world. In the space of six hours, Hog Island loomed up through the darkness, a long, black line just emerging from the watery horizon.

It was a glorious, soul-cheering sight to Leander, and his heart leaped within him for joy, when he thought that ere the rising of another day's sun, he should have triumphed over his foes, and with his own hands torn off the shackles that bound Alonzo.

Animated by these vehement expectations, he formed his line of battle on the shore, at the distance of two miles from the encampment of the tories, and foremost in the van, he led on his eager men to the attack.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"Ye good distressed

Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,  
And what your bounded view, which only saw  
A little part, deemed evil, is no more ;  
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,  
And one unbounded spring encircle all."—THOMSON.

"You are free !" These words fell upon Alonzo's drowsy ears like the whisperings of a vision, and would, in all probability, have been regarded as such by him, had not the flitting shadow of Margaret caught his waking eye, as she flew like a ghost through the wide-open prison-door.

Finding his arms unopinioned, the first impulse of the moment was to awaken his friend and inform him, in a low voice, of the miraculous manner in which, by some secret agency, they had been set at liberty.

"What is best to be done ?" asked Upshire, in great agitation.

"In the first place," said Alonzo, "we must ascertain whether or not we have got the opportunity to make good our escape after we have secured your daughter ; or whether we shall be able to do even as much as that. To know these things, it is necessary

for me to reconnoitre the premises, and if there is no one astir, we will immediately commence operations. Remain you here until I return."

So saying, Alonzo, acting the part of a cautious spy, crept softly along, stumbling over the knife which Margaret had left; stooping down, he picked it up. The blade was yet dripping with the blood of the murdered sentinel. He raised his hand to his face. The fresh, sickening scent of new-spilt blood, carried a strange sensation from his nose to his brain, and for a moment he staggered in his purpose. But, believing that the circumstances were favorable to him, he proceeded, yet with more anxious circumspection and vigilance. Not a single being except himself was upon the alert; not even a light was visible gleaming through the thick darkness. Retreating with the same stealthy movements, he found Upshire impatiently awaiting his return.

"What news, my young friend?" whispered the old man.

"All is well," replied Alonzo; "now is our time. Nerve yourself for deliberate action, and fortune will smile upon our bravery."

With one stroke he severed the heavy cord that confined his fellow-prisoner, and silently led him forth from that miserable hovel under whose frail roof he had spent so many long, disagreeable days.

"Thank God," he said to himself, "I am permitted to feel the free open air once more fanning my shrunken cheek."

"Now then," said Alonzo, "let us be expeditious. Take you this knife, and remain silent, yet cool and

collected, until I bring out Mahalinda. In case you are surprised, make your weapon tell instantaneously, for the darkness will lead your enemy in the reach of your arm. Remember that courage can accomplish more than strength."

These words spoken, Alonzo easily forced his way into the young girl's room by the same process that Margaret had into his ; and the fair occupant, now used to this mode of living, slept so soundly that her deliverer had the unpleasant task of awakening her. Fearing that if he laid hands upon her without first informing her of his intentions, she would utter a shriek of terror, he took the wiser plan of calling her name in as familiar a tone as possible. Retreating to the farthest corner from her couch, he summoned as much calmness as possible, and called :

"Mahalinda !" then waited for a reply.

But a slight rustling was the only answer to his impatient demand. Raising his voice a pitch higher, he repeated his summons :

"Mahalinda !"

"Who calls me?" was the fearful interrogation spoken ; and the glad reply heard, as she raised herself half erect :

"One, who, with your father, has come to liberate you."

"Then let me hear my father's voice first."

Upshire, hearing this demand, came to the door and assured her that she need not doubt the purity of their intentions, and bade her, as she loved liberty and him, to accompany them with quick dispatch. She lingered for no more expostulation. With one

bound she gained the door, and the next moment was clasped to her father's bosom.

But alas! the sight of her parent, from whom she had been so long separated, drove from her excited mind the place and occasion.

Forgetful of surrounding circumstances, and overwhelmed with emotions of uncontrollable joy, she gave vent to her feelings in loud and unrestrained attestations of child-like affection; not thinking that silence was the only bulwark of defense, and caution the only protecting buckler of resisting armor.

"Hist!" whispered Alonzo, "we have alarmed our enemies."

"Ruin, ruin!" despairingly cried Upshire, as he caught his daughter by the hand, and pulling, bade her follow him and Alonzo, at the top of her speed.

From every quarter poured out the surprised tories, not exactly aware of the cause from which confusion had sprung. Unfortunately, the flying trio in their desperate exertions to escape, ran too heavily over the fallen brushwood. This was signal enough. A sudden flash of light lifted up the gloom, and the next instant a roar of musketry pealed forth from the startled camp.

Whiz, whiz! sped the messengers of death in every direction through the wood. One fiery bullet glanced along Alonzo's temple, singeing his hair, and touching, slightly, the upper part of his ear; another hissed close by Mahalinda's cheek, and another lodged in Upshire's heart!

Catching the fainting female in his arms, Alonzo, like "a giant refreshed with wine," bore her with



supernatural swiftness far away from his pursuers, who gave up the search with the intention of renewing it again on the following day, after having destroyed or placed a guard over every boat.

Being destitute of an acquaintance with this part of the island, Alonzo, not knowing in what direction, or careing whither he went, so he widened the distance between himself and the blood-thirsty tories, dashed wildly onward.

Not conscious of the weight of the fair form which he held close to his panting bosom, and only thinking of her safety, he rushed on and on through the darkness until he sank down, all at once, overpowered and completely exhausted. Now began to recur to his weary mind the impossibility of their making an escape from the island. He had never thought before, that water, deep and wide, inclosed them on every side. "Alas!" thought he, "how better would it have been for us to have waited for Leander. Now, Upshire, is 'no more,' and our re-capture is certain."

While thus with hopeless desperation contemplating the wretchedness of his fate and the sufferings of Mahalinda, she spoke for the first time since her father's death.

"Where is my father?" she asked, looking around as if desiring to pierce the damp, dusky, blackness of night.

"Must I tell the worst?"

"Oh! yes; and if I sink beneath the shock, let me perish with one blow—'twill be easier."

"Then, to save you, his darling daughter, he has sacrificed his own life."

"O my poor father! my poor father! thou who wert the only refuge left in the wide world for Mahalinda—the only relation, the only guardian—oh! what wilt thy unhappy orphan do?"

"Bereaved lady," said Alonzo, while tears rolled down his face, "thou shalt not be left desolate, nor thy sire's death go unrevenged, while Alonzo Scarborough lives, or there breathes a foe to stand before him."

"But who—oh! tell me who—can take a father's royal place? Ah! good sir, you never knew yet the loss of an only parent—the only friend that a poor frail girl like me possessed."

"Alas! my fellow-partner in distress, I too, like thee, am sorrow's child. My father took me from my mother, when a boy but six years old, and because he loved my childish prattle, carried me in his ship far over the deep blue sea. The ship was lost, on such a stormy night as this—my father—all, save myself; and I have never seen my mother since."

"Methinks, I better could have borne it, had he died a natural death—had he died in the peaceful quiet of our long-lost home, where I might have administered to his wants, and smoothed his dying pillow. But, oh! to be shot down by such a band of low-lifed tories—to die in the dark, alone, oh! my heart will break."

"My dear girl," said Alonzo, "let this one thing console you: Remember the cause in which he lost his life."

"I had rather have died myself."

"He was not only endeavoring to save thee from disgrace and ruin, but he was trying to free himself in order that he might bring his wealth and great influence to the help of the struggling Americans, and for the accomplishment of that retaliation which his unworthy countrymen deserved."

"Was he not a royalist?"

"Up to the time that I was taken. I showed him the error of his way, and he was converted."

"Then," said Mahalinda, "I can better part with him, since his sacrifice was, in part, for our country. O Father! I am glad thou didst not go down to death impressed with the belief that America was in the wrong. I am glad the bright flame of Liberty nerved your soul to combat with death. Yes, yes, I had rather thy blood were spilt to quench the thirsty soil of Freedom, than know it coursed a tory's veins."

"Noble, patriotic woman! Let such exalted sentiments inspire you with fortitude to bear up against the irreparable loss that you have so lately sustained; and forget not that God, whose piercing eye can strike through the thick darkness which surrounds us, and view our forlorn situation, will not make a wound beyond his power to heal."

Mahalinda sank down beneath the pressure of accumulated grief upon Alonzo's bosom in a half-unconscious state; while to protect her thinly dressed and delicate person from the beating rain, he took off his coat, and spread it gently yet carefully about her shoulders.

He now began to consider what was best for him to

do. Daylight was fast approaching, and if he remained where he was, and Leander failed to reach the island early in the morning, it would be contrary to the nature of the circumstance to screen himself and his feeble charge from the scrutinizing observations of Lucus and his beastly cohorts, whose aroused malice would, probably, reek a satisfactory vengeance upon his devoted head. And yet there was no manner of escape. Just to the left, only a few rods distant, was spread out the great Atlantic, lashing and writhing in its vast unmeasured bed, and roaring along its firm confines in a voice more sublime than the thunder's awful tone; on the right, was an impassable morass, beyond which was an expansive broad-water, and in front lay a deep and wide channel, too boisterous to cross by swimming, especially when encumbered with the weight of a terrified female.

All these things, when soberly considered, presented barriers unsurmountable, and difficulties beyond the power of mind or strength of muscle to overcome.

The only alternative was, to remain where he was, and await the issue. Should Leander come, all might be well; if not, Heaven alone could save him. Filled with these momentous thoughts, he held his head close to Mahalinda's ear and whispered:

"Dear, unfortunate Mahalinda, should we be recaptured, and you and I separated forever, will you not, if it is your good fate to live, sometimes think of one who has periled his life for your sake, and who, no matter ~~when~~ or where he dies, will breathe yours,

the last sweet name upon his lips, and with his latest breath say : ' O God ! remember Mahalinda ? ' "

She spoke not a word, but while tear after tear rolled down her cheeks, and ten thousand emotions shook her virgin bosom, she grasped his hand in that dark hour, and he felt, that though living or dying, on earth or in heaven, she was his and only his. Oh ! the rapturous joys which that moment bestowed upon him. It was the glorious realization of the longings which had preyed incessantly upon his vitals for months together the consummation of all his hopes, the full and overflowing blessedness that innocent affection can impart. Happy, thrice happy Alonzo.

Day came, but with it no cessation of the storm. Mahalinda uncovered her face, and wildly, at first, gazed upon the visage of the stranger. But that frank, noble brow, marred with spots of blood, that eye of fire, and those thin lips, all struck her with peculiarity, and wooed her confidence.

" But my father," she sighed, " he is gone ;" and instantly fresh tears gushed forth from the springing fountain.

Alonzo cast his eyes upon her ; she was yet the beautiful ideal of all his fancies, the reality of all his dreams ; and he would have spoken some consoling word, but hope was ebbing fast from his own bosom, when half a score of armed men sprang before them, and in a few minutes they were prisoners once more.

As they entered the encampment, and were about to be sundered, Alonzo, pointing to heaven, exclaimed : " There, Mahalinda ! there !"

These words did not escape the ear of Lucus.

"A rival, hey!" he muttered. "No, no," he continued, "only fuel for my wrath to consume. Prepare a gibbet, Mr. Vansant, by to-morrow morning; I have a rascally American to swing up at that time."

"Ay, sir," replied the old lieutenant.

Then, turning off, the former went in to Mahalinda, who was by this time, again an inhabitant of her old miserable hovel.

"So you thought to fly and elude my clutches, did you, my fine bird, eh? Had quite a romantic time with your lover last night in the woods, ha! ha! Very well. I'll take good care hereafter of you and your gallant too. Prepare yourself this night to be a bride, for my nuptials shall be delayed no longer, and the death of your friend shall crown the celebration."

"Inhuman monster!" cried Mahalinda, "and canst thy brutal appetite never be satiated, nor thy heinous blood-thirsting desire quenched? Thou murderer of my father—my poor harmless father, at whose house you have been entertained in the most hospitable manner, canst thou be base enough to doom his daughter to a fate worse than death, and mercilessly kill the only benefactor that she has left?"

"And mercilessly kill the only benefactor that she has left," replied Lucus, using her own words.

"Then, murder me!" she said, baring her snow-white bosom. "Come, bury deep your greedy dagger here, and glut you to your soul's content with innocent, virgin blood! Come, thou cannibal, and drink, and drink, until thou art bloated with human gore, and thine eyes burst from their sockets!"

"Thou wilt sing a sweeter tune than that, before

to-morrow morning," said the incorrigible Lucius as he left our heroine to contemplate, alone, the bitterness of this the last cup of sorrow which was being mixed to cap the climax of all her mighty trials.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

“————— Arms on armor, clashing brayed  
Horrible discord; and the madd’ning wheels  
Of brazen fury raged.”

“Is this a dream? Oh! if it be a dream,  
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet.  
Repeat thy story. Say, I’m not deceived.  
Say that I do not dream.”

“It is a dream, sweet child—a waking dream,  
A blissful certainty; a vision bright  
Of that rare happiness which even on earth  
Heaven gives to those it loves.”—LONGFELLOW.

THE sun had sunk once more behind the western horizon. Alonzo lay bound upon his back in the same place that but a little while ago had sheltered himself, and the father of Mahalinda.

“Oh! where art thou, Leander, that thou comest not to my relief? This is the third night that I have been on this miserable island, and yet he comes not. If he delays yet one more, it will be too late, for they say, that to-morrow I must die!

“What! did I say die? Is this, then, the last twilight I shall ever see? Have I found the object which I have sought so long, only to perish? Have I had a foretaste of that bliss which I have craved



with so much ardor, only to relinquish it now, and that forever? These things can not be. If I really thought they would, I should be a madman before midnight. But see! how fast the shades come down—Time flies like lightning. It will soon be day again, and then—I hope Leander will be here. Oh! that I might at this moment hear the tramp of his men—the clash of his sword, dealing death to these cowardly devils! But should he not come? That's the question, after all. Well, I suppose I must die—yet it is a hard task, even for the sake of Mahalinda, and my country too. Indeed, without the one, I might easier die for the other. It is the love I have for Mahalinda that makes me cling so tenaciously to life. If I had never seen her, I could sacrifice my all at the shrine of freedom; but now I desire to live while she lives, and die when she dies, that I may protect her from all injury while she is here, and not be left when she is gone, to share one single drop of peace, alone.

“I wonder if she knows my fate—or what my doom is to be? Oh! I hope not! ’Twould tear her tender heart, and melt her heaven-painted eye. The more I think about it, the more excited I get!

“O Mahalinda, Mahalinda! I can not leave thee! Oh! no, I can not die, unless by my death I could do thee some good!

“To die, and yet for thee to live, and be wronged and ruined by a base and worthless villain, is more torture to my soul than the pangs of dying, a thousand times experienced!”

Thus thought, and thus spoke poor Alonzo, endeavoring to put off the evil hour, trying to beat back the

plain visage of Truth, which, like a ghost, comes nearer, and stares him more frightfully in the face, at every new attack. Let us leave him awhile, and turn to Mahalinda.

Pale and dejected, she sits watching sorrowfully the coming of night. How lone and desolate she feels, with not but one kindred spirit near, and that must soon be an inhabitant of eternity! She starts at every sound, for she is expecting at every moment the coming of her destroyer. A moment passes, and her worst fears "have boded all too true." Accompanied by another, dressed in a long white gown, the fell monster approaches.

"Come, rise, Miss Upshire, the hour is at hand; I have brought a clergyman, and there lacks nothing now to hinder our marriage."

The poor girl uttered a faint scream, and fell senseless to the floor.

"Never mind," said Lucus, "go on with the ceremony, Mr. Vansant." He took hold of the cold hand of his victim—the mock service was finished, he stooped to kiss the bloodless lips of his bride. But just at that moment a sound broke upon his ear that riveted him to the spot where he stood. It was the summons Heaven had sent for his black and sinful soul! The hour of retribution was at hand, and vengeance was on his bloody track. The cries, the tears, and the prayers of injured innocence and virtue, had at last touched the chords of Justice, and the avenging angel flapped his dark, heavy wings in the midst of that encampment of fiends in human shape.

"To arms! to arms!" resounded from every quar-

ter ; but there stood Lucas and Vansant quivering with fear, and dreading to look at each other.

Presently a roll of heavy musketry shook the very ground, and when it a little subsided, the cries of a score of wretches arose upon the night air, sending a chill to the stoutest heart.

Now the action waxed to its hottest. The battle raged incessantly. Musket reverberated to the roar of musket, and steel clashed sharply against steel. The Americans gain the prison-house of Alonzo. Leander rushes in ; they shout as the two young men embrace each other : and that shout, so near and loud, awakens the stupid senses of the captain and lieutenant of the tories, and they essay to make their escape. Wildly they fly for the door ; but the eager Alonzo, snatching up the sword of a fallen soldier, and followed by the impetuous Leander, confronts them at the very threshold.

A short conflict ensues. The old, gray-haired Dutchman, fighting with the desperation of a tiger, falls before the vigorous arm of Alonzo ; while Leander, with his foot upon the neck of his fallen foe, and holding high his dripping sword, cries in a voice that is heard above the din of arms and the howls of the dying : " *Sie semper tyrannis !* "

Happily for Mahalinda, she woke not from the swoon into which she had fallen at the sight of Lucas, until the fighting was over.

When she did open her large blue eyes again, now almost dim with weeping, Alonzo was upon his knees beside her, chafing her brow, and looking earnestly

at her pale, death-like features. Then closing her eyes once more, she whispered :

“Am I not dreaming?”

“Yes, dearest, but thy dream is all a blissful reality. You are now safe.”

“But where is my persecutor?”

“Where he can molest you no more forever!”

“Is he dead?”

“He lives no longer. Cold and stiff he lies without the door, an emblem of his wicked deeds.”

“Oh! do not let me see his corpse!”

“Thou shalt not see the wretch again. Lo, they come to bear his body hence!”

The afternoon following, they all embarked for Atlantic View.

Robert Scarborough had returned from the death-bed of his brother. He had not forgotten to bring with him, either, the picture of his wife. Instantly she recognized it as the very one which she had given her son, when they separated in the West-Indies.

“Then Alonzo is without doubt our dear grandchild, sure enough!” exclaimed the old lady, shouting and clapping her hands for joy.

“O Robert!” she continued, “thou wert not permitted to see thy children, yet thank God that He hath permitted thee to behold their offsprings. Now the two fond cousins will love each other better, if it can be possible, since they are so nearly related.”

A sudden burst of exultation and gladness went up from Atlantic View when the victorious little army was seen coming up the long lane, bringing with it the trophies of its conquest. It was the meeting of

true-hearted American friends and lovers, and an unconscious celebration of the consummation of American Liberty ; for on that very day Lord Cornwallis surrendered Yorktown to the combined armies of America and France, and the thirteen original Colonies were lost forever to Great Britain.

On this same gala day, in the midst of their rejoicing, a stranger, unperceived, came up to the gate, and was mingling in the throng before his presence was noticed. Not thinking that Mary was living with Mr. Bradford's family, Andrew Hall, who was passing through the country, desiring to see his old friends, had called upon the good Zephaniah. Wondering to see such a bustle, he slowly made his way up to the house, and joined the excited company. Suddenly Mary was taken ill, and had to be conducted to her chamber. Illnetta, on her way to see her, came full upon the young preacher.

"Powers above ! Mr. Hall, is that you, or your ghost ?"

"It is my real self, Miss Illnetta ; and what is all this confusion about ?"

Illnetta told him the particulars, and, turning off to carry out her design, said :

"Now I can easily guess what the matter with Mary is, ha, ha, ha ! Oh ! shan't we have a royal time now ! Lon and Leander have got back safe and sound, and, lo and behold ! here is Mary's beau !"

"Well, Mary, what's the matter now, eh ?"

"I am only a little nervous. Did you see Andrew Hall ?"

"Yes, I did, and then I knew exactly why you

were taken ill in such a flurry. Come, Mary, brace yourself up, and get ready de rencontrer de nouveau votre amateur !”

A month passed, and Alonzo and Mahalinda, Leander and Illnetta, and Hall and Mary were united in the eternal bonds of matrimony and friendship.

The mansion on Onancock was soon completed, and the two old people moved for the last time, to end their days on the very spot where Amos Jones, the fisherman, had spent with old Amie so many peaceful days.

Leander lived with his father-in-law, at Atlantic View; Andrew Hall and Mary, since Manchester left no will, took up their abode on Pungoteague, where he built a splendid Methodist church; and Alonzo and Mahalinda retired to Upshireville, and changed the name of their country-seat to Alabama, on account of its Indian signification, “Here we rest.”







5







